

Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1928

Which Way Lies Prosperity?
See My Magazine for August

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 489

Week Ending
AUGUST 4, 1928

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN OF THE GREAT WAR

LEFT BEHIND IN THE ARCTIC

HEROES ABANDONED

The Pitiful Necessity of the
Life of a Polar Explorer

LAST CRY OF THE DOGS

The Arctic, the grave of so many brave souls, has claimed a sacrifice which we would rather have been spared, for it has left many people with very heavy hearts.

Two Dutchmen, Captain Sora and M. van Dongen, set out, full of hope, to try to reach the crew of the wrecked Italia. They took a team of Arctic dogs with them, and it was hard to know which were more willing to work, the dogs or the men.

The brave little party, seeking the lost, found out one day that they were lost themselves. A week went by, and they hoped someone would spy them. They eked out their slight store of food, not knowing what fate lay ahead.

The Dogs Knew

Another week went by, and still they hoped. The third week found them too exhausted from want of food to do anything but lie huddled up, waiting.

The dogs, who had foraged for themselves and picked up something to live on, knew that their masters were mysteriously and dreadfully quiet. They lay near them, watching, their eyes on the beloved faces.

At the end of the third week a little party of Swedish and Finnish airmen, flying in seaplanes, discovered the lost ones on Foy Island. The Dutchmen were too weak to make much ado, but the dogs knew, in the way dogs do know, that something wonderful had happened, and they were very joyful.

They watched their masters carried carefully away over the ice, and they followed, waiting for their turn. The rescuing party looked at them and spoke together.

"It would cost us our lives," said one. "We dare not risk it."

What One Airman Saw

They could not look at the dogs again, and went on with their preparations for getting away. Then again the dogs knew, stood still, no longer joyously waving their tails. A faint whine arose. The team followed to the limit of the ice, watching the airmen's movements, barking in that heart-broken way dogs have when they fear they are going to be left behind.

Sick at heart, the rescuers boarded their planes and started. The last they heard on the island was a mournful, long-drawn howl. One of the airmen looked back and wished he had not; perhaps he wished he had stayed behind with the dogs. For many a day he will carry the picture of the gallant team running to and fro, howling their misery and despair, calling for the men whom they will never see again.

A Living Monument



Almost like a piece of classical statuary is this photograph of a group of girls holding aloft a huge ball which is used for frolics in the sea at Cliftonville.

ROMANCE OF THE ALLEY TAW

IN the boy's calendar marbles used to come in when hoops went out.

Now we hear that marbles are going out altogether. Anxious mothers whose boys came home with their knees rather worse for wear may not be sorry, but an Editor of the C.N. who once played marbles cannot view the departure of the alley taw without a sigh.

Ought we to explain what an alley taw was? Surely it cannot be necessary, but perhaps it is. The ordinary marble was polished earthenware, just plain blue or green, red or yellow. In the marble stock exchange two or three plain marbles were worth a smallish glass one, a pretty thing with threads of colour twisted cunningly within it.

Then there was a bigger glass one, an alley taw as big as a plum, a king among the pawns. It might cost as much as threepence (even fourpence).

Happy days they were, when the possessor of an alley taw was rather looked up to by his companions. If he

remembers them he will perhaps wonder what he did with them. What has become of the big coloured glass marbles?

It is said that they have vanished almost as completely as the pennies that bought them. Collectors have begun to search for them: *The alley taw has become an antique.*

We can hardly believe it. Surely in some odd corner of the house, some cupboard, a big glass marble lies dustily among other forgotten trifles. If it does, and if we find it, it will never be a gay, rolling alley taw again. It will be promoted to the mantelpiece or a shelf in the drawing-room cabinet.

Sir Flinders Petrie once brought to London a little ivory doll an Egyptian princess had played with two thousand years ago. Perhaps as many years from now some profound student will discover an alley taw in the excavations of ancient England, and will write a learned paper to prove what use the Victorians made of it.

HELD IN MID-AIR THE STEEPLEJACK AND HIS MATE

A Very Gallant Fellow
on a Chimney Stack

NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT

A hand flung out by a workman to his mate the other day saved the mate's life—though only at a terrible risk to both lives. The two men were Nottingham steeplejacks employed on the first stages of pulling down a chimney stack of the Chemical Industries factory near Fleetwood.

The work of the steeplejack is full of peril, but he knows the normal risks and is well prepared for them. In this case, however, the unexpected happened. The task at the top of the 200-foot stack was to cut one of the iron bands which bind the bricks together. This band was just beneath the cap of the chimney where the steeplejack's scaffolding ended in a wooden platform.

Falling Man Caught

As the saw bit through the iron the tight band flew apart and struck one of the men (Harvey) violently on the chest. He staggered under the blow, and at the same moment some of the iron castings of the great ring smashed through the plank beneath his feet. For half a second Harvey's body followed them. He began to fall feet downward through 200 feet of space.

He began to fall—but before the half-second had gone a hand thrust forth with wonderful presence of mind and entire absence of fear of the consequences gripped Harvey's overalls. It was the hand of Whitby, his mate.

For more than half a second now, for many seconds, in fact, Whitby's grip stood between Harvey and death. The weight of the helpless man's body tore at the brave man's finger-nails till they bled and parted, but Whitby would not let go. The slightest loss of balance on his part and he must have gone down with his friend; but he held on, and with a strength and adroitness which seem miraculous he braced himself, got his other hand into the life-saving business, and, grabbing Harvey by the neck, hauled him back to safety on the platform.

What Else Could He Do?

What Whitby said to Harvey and Harvey to Whitby the tale does not tell, but we know what Whitby said to someone who praised him for his gallant act. "It's nowt," he said.

It is "nowt" to a brave man to risk his life for a friend, for (he would ask you) what else could he do? And what else would his mate have done for him? But the Providence which from aloft watches over the lives of steeplejacks perhaps whispers, so that only the brave man hears, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

CHRISTOPHER BENSON EYRE IS DEAD

GOOD THINGS IN A LONG LIFE

A Peacemaker Among the South Sea Islanders

A MUD HUT FIT FOR A KING

Christopher Benson Eyre is dead, and to many people in England it means little, for he lived most of his 78 years at sea or in tropical lands.

But we ought to remember him for one little incident which might have ended in war and misery if it had not been for C. B. Eyre.

He came of a naval family, and his grandfather was the commodore who took the Ionian Islands from Napoleon. C. B. also wished for a commission in the Navy, but he had to content himself with the merchant marine, and so came to spend much time among the South Sea Islanders. He took the trouble to learn their dialects and make friends with them. He was much impressed by the work of the missionaries.

Courage and Diplomacy

One day a tragic thing happened. A chief kidnapped some Christian natives. A battleship was sent out to punish the offender, but it would not have been very satisfactory to burn crops and shoot natives because their chief had done wrong. Nevertheless, the crime could not go unpunished.

How could the Government get hold of the offending chief?

C. B. Eyre offered to do it. He went unarmed and alone to the chief's stronghold, and persuaded him to come on board the warship. The treacherous chief would have suspected treachery and refused to come if he had been asked by anyone except C. B. Eyre.

When the brown king came on board he was shown round in a friendly fashion. The wonders and terrors of the warship were explained to him. Then C. B. Eyre took him on one side, spoke in moving words of the cruelty he had committed, and eventually persuaded him to apologise.

Salt of the Earth

The commander of the warship was delighted to accept the apology, and so no expedition went ashore. No lives were lost, and no longing for revenge was left smouldering in native breasts. As for the chief, he never gave any more trouble.

If that had been all he did for his fellows C. B. Eyre would not have lived in vain. But after many years at sea he took Holy Orders and was sent by the Universities Mission to Central Africa, where he spent the last 32 years of his life. The Africans loved him as the South Sea Islanders had done, and he could not be persuaded to return and spend his old age in comfortable England. He replied to a friend last spring that his mud-walled, grass-roofed hut was fit for a king, and what did it matter if the rain did pour in? Archdeacon Eyre was not made of sugar or salt! That was his own phrase.

But he *was* made of salt; he was the very salt of the Earth, as we say.

INVENTOR WANTED

A Little Attention to a Great Nuisance

A business man back from America says he found the atmosphere of New York as clear as Harrogate's, because they use coke and electricity where we use coal.

But what do they do in America with the smoke from motor-car exhausts? It poisons the air of nearly all our streets, and much of it is due to stupid inefficiency.

Why will not somebody invent a smokeless motor-car exhaust?

KING AMANULLAH AT HOME AGAIN

What He Said to the Mullahs

THE QUEEN AND HER VEIL

The King of Afghanistan has made a just and memorable reply to the fanatics of his country.

It has been the custom there that the women should live in purdah, shut off from the outer world, spending their days in a part of the house specially kept for them, hardly ever going out-of-doors at all and then wearing thick veils over their faces and riding in a carriage with curtains to hide them from public gaze.

A deputation of mullahs came to the King the other day and protested that the Queen and the ladies of her Court had sinned against this old custom by going about as freely as men and wearing no veils. This was breaking the rules of the Mohammedan religion, said the mullahs, and also it was bad for women because purdah was designed to protect women and surround them with respect.

The Dawn of a New Day

King Amanullah replied, "Do the poor women in the villages of Afghanistan live in purdah?"

"No," the mullahs admitted. "They cannot keep purdah because they are obliged to work."

"When purdah is kept in the villages," replied the King, "it will also be kept in the palace."

So the beautiful Queen of Afghanistan is still to enjoy fresh air and sunlight and to go about freely working for charity like the queens of Western lands.

Meanwhile, the labouring women of Afghanistan are telling one another that a new day has dawned, and they are no longer shamed because they cannot keep purdah. The King himself has said that what is good enough for the cottage women is good enough for the Queen.

VIKINGS IN THE ORKNEYS

Why They Came

A body of a hundred Norsemen descended upon Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, the other day. They met with a warm reception, but took all the inhabitants captive.

So might the arrival of their fathers have been chronicled a thousand years ago. The new invaders, however, were archaeologists, and their conquest was not with bows and spears, but with words of friendship and goodwill.

Headed by Peder Hognestad, Bishop of Bergen, a hundred members of the Norse Association of that city came to worship in the ancient cathedral of St. Magnus, when the Scottish Kirk minister shared the service with the Bishop.

The Cathedral was founded 800 years ago by Jarl Rognvald in memory of his murdered uncle, Jarl Magnus, who for his martyrdom became a saint. The Orkneys belonged to Norway till the fifteenth century, when they were pledged for the dowry of Queen Margaret of Scotland, and never redeemed.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

11 stained-glass windows . . .	£27,000
A pearl necklace . . .	£15,500
Kelmscott edition of Chaucer . . .	£4000
Small portrait by Frank Hals . . .	£3500
First folio Shakespeare, 1623 . . .	£2400
Second folio Shakespeare, 1632 . . .	£1700
Queen Anne walnut chair . . .	£588
French MS. of Bible, 14th cent. . .	£360
1st ed. of Chance, by Conrad . . .	£193
Charles II tankard . . .	£171
Pair of Commonwealth spoons . . .	£53

The log of a portion of Captain Cook's last voyage, by the mate of H.M.S. Resolution, was sold for £1200.

THE MEANEST MEN IN THE WORLD

DELIGHTING IN CRUELTY

Sixteen Very Noble Sportsmen at a Cockfight

BARBAROUS SPECTACLE

By Our Natural Historian

It has long been known that cock-fighting, which is forbidden by law, is secretly practised in remote parts of England. At last one of these brutal orgies has been detected by the police, and 16 men have been convicted and fined, one of them being a baronet, Sir John Jardine.

In preparation for the fray the birds had had their fleshy combs and wattles cut, and their feathers either trimmed or cut to the flesh. In order that their blows might be more effective, metal spurs were fitted on to the natural spurs of the birds.

The Only Way Out

A cockfight is one between game birds, in which the two birds, after furious skirmishing for an opening, spring into the air and, bringing their legs violently together, try to drive their spurs through each other's eyes, and so inflict a mortal wound by reaching the brain, or a disabling blow which will permit the victor to kill its opponent at leisure.

Such an affray is brutal, cruel, and degrading. Admittedly it is the nature of game cocks to fight, but in a state of nature they fight for the possession of mates or in defence of their families against the attacks of enemies. When two game cocks fight at large there is little chance of a fatal ending, as the weaker bird can seek safety in flight. In the cockpit there is no such way out; the death or exhaustion through loss of blood of one of the combatants must end the fight.

Victims of the Ring

It is a grim commentary on the tastes of some of our sham sportsmen that they find pleasure only in excitements causing much suffering and bloodshed. The boxing contests which draw the greatest crowds are not those between nimble and scientific athletes, but those between lumbering heavyweights who hit smashing blows and so cause disfigurement and possibly injury.

It would be a startling census that would set forth the names of professional boxers dead before their prime, or a list of young men in the world today partly or wholly blinded from the violence of batterings in what is ridiculously called "the noble art."

A Grim Catalogue

The C.N. has often catalogued the shameful abuses practised in the name of sport. Rabbits are turned out to run for their lives against dogs, but not before the poor victim has had one of its legs deliberately broken. Dogs have been set to race, agonisingly maimed by the secret tying of their toes with twine. Hares are torn to pieces by greyhounds or by packs of little hounds. Chaffinches have been blinded by the drawing of a red-hot wire across their eyes in order that they might not be terrified by their surroundings when set to sing against other birds in what is called a bird race.

People who condemn these atrocities are called killjoys, but these so-called killjoys include all true sportsmen and athletes, and not a few who are quietly capable, if attacked, of effective measures of defence. The brute is at heart a coward; the humane man will run greater risk in defence of the defenceless than any of these mean spirits for whom cruel sports take the place of recreation, and to whom a cruel spectacle is the only stimulant that will touch a brain aching from emptiness. E. A. B.

THE ROBOT TAKES TO FLIGHT

Steel Brains in the Plane

AND THE HUMAN BRAIN BEHIND IT

It may be long before most of us trust ourselves in an aeroplane which does not carry a human brain with it in the pilot's seat, ready to deal with the emergencies the restless ocean of the air provides.

Still, the Robot pilot and an aeroplane that he can manoeuvre when his steel waistcoat buttons are pressed are on their way. They have been up at Istres Aerodrome, near Marseilles.

The Robot pilot is made of steel and weighs 70 pounds. This steel man handles the joystick, touches the levers, and works the controls which correct the plane's balance after a rapid turn.

What the Robot Cannot Do

Press one button and the Robot will make the plane turn right or left, mount or descend, or curve downward.

But, as any reader of the C.N. will at once perceive, there is always a button to be pressed, so there must be a brain, and a human brain, behind the Robot, after all. The Robot cannot read the altitude gauge, or scan the revolutions of the propeller, or watch the several dials which tell the human pilot what the aeroplane is doing, or what it is about to do. At least he cannot do these things yet.

The answer to this objection is, of course, that the brain may be outside the plane. It may be stationed on the ground; and may work the Robot's buttons by wireless waves, with special attention to those which regulate the aeroplane's balance and direction.

THREE YEARS WITHOUT A PARLIAMENT

Stern Measures in Egypt

The King of Egypt has issued a stern decree dissolving Parliament for a period of three years.

The suspension arises from the trouble created by the extremists, and has been agreed to by all members of the Cabinet now in Egypt.

The provision in the Constitution conferring freedom on the press has also been suspended, and it is decreed that after the three-years Parliamentary holiday the Cabinet will decide as to new elections.

It is hoped that during these three years the chaos caused by the Nationalist Party (the Wafd) will end, and the extremists who are seeking to drive Britain out of Egypt will see the folly of their ways.

THINGS SAID

Make England clean. *The Chief Scout*
Racing is failing in England.

A bookmaker

Leaning over a gate listening to somebody preaching is not worship.

Rev. H. Osborne

I am reaching the age when I become inclined to encourage the worship of the old by the young. *Lord Birkenhead*

Science and humanity are companions. *Sir William Bragg*

If the Cabinet had to meet in a slum there would soon be no slums.

A C.N. Reader

I leave England with a heart full of contentment and satisfaction.

Sir Ofori Atta on returning to the Gold Coast

You are not the Englishmen we know; see that you live up to the English tradition. *A French advocate to English law-breakers in France*

A LION MAN

Farm Run For Films

WILD BEASTS AS KINEMA STARS

A man landed in England the other day whose passport made more than one official stare and look again. In it he was described as a lion-farmer.

There was a slight curiosity felt about him, but the lion-farmer explained that lion-farming was the nearest word he could get to describe his occupation. He brings up young lions and trains them to act as kinema stars. He has come to England for that purpose.

The lion-farmer's visit raises a very interesting point. In an ever-changing world one industry gives rise to many, but of all the strange occupations by which people have earned a living since the rise of the Picture Theatre this must be the strangest. We do not know what it will be like for those concerned, but the result will probably be very pleasant. A lion cub kinema star can be a very attractive sight.

The Problem of Insurance

The lion-farmer's trade raises another interesting point. What is he doing about insurance? Just as he has a special passport so he will have a special insurance policy. His trade will surely rank among the dangerous occupations of the world. A lion is a friendly companion but an uncertain one. And yet a man who is known as the most famous lion-tamer in history, Van Amburgh, who had put his head in more lions' mouths than anyone else in the world, died peacefully in his bed. A great many, on the other hand, did not.

When we see these tame lions in British films it will be interesting to remember other days when lions contributed to the amusement of vast audiences in a theatre. In the old world lions fought in the arenas and were bred for that barbarous purpose, just as bulls are bred in Spain. Tremendous numbers of lions were brought into Rome from Africa for that purpose. It is said that Pompey exhibited 600 at the same performance.

BACK TO THE DOG

The Guardian of the Gallery

Some little time ago there was an outbreak of thefts from art galleries, beginning with the disappearance of the Mona Lisa picture.

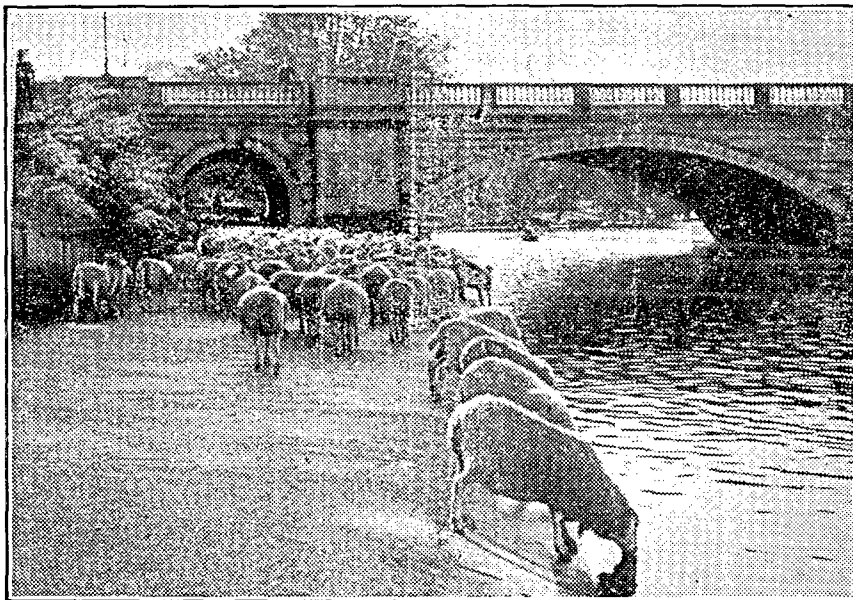
Everyone thought the Louvre was as safe as a fortress, but the picture was stolen. Then other masterpieces disappeared from galleries all over the world, and people began to feel that patent locks and electric burglar alarms were poor protectors. The governors of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts decided to go back to the dog. Every night two police dogs are given the freedom of the galleries, and it is stated that not a single theft has occurred since they took office.

Titian and Titian Junior are their names, and they have become so famous as art guardians that dogs like them have been acquired by the Fogg Museum at Cambridge, U.S.A., the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Cleveland Museum.

America likes to call herself the home of new ideas, but this is a very old one, for dogs guarded the first art galleries of all: the caves on whose walls prehistoric man made crude drawings of deer and buffalo.

Those first artists did not know how we should one day value their work, and they regarded as their chief treasures the flint arrows, the stone axes, and the pelts which the dogs guarded while they slept. Today we possess many more things than the cave-dwellers, and they are far more beautiful, but we have invented no better way of guarding them. The old idea is a good idea; America was wise to go back to that trusty watchman the dog.

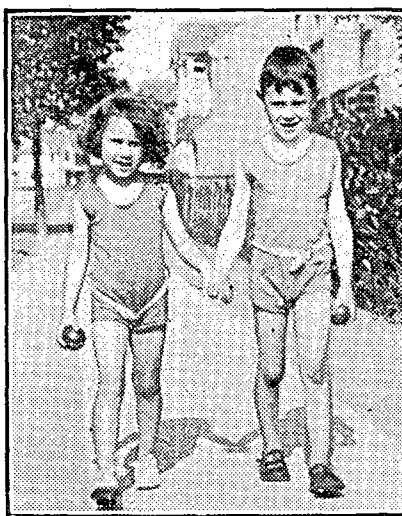
LIFE IN TROPICAL ENGLAND



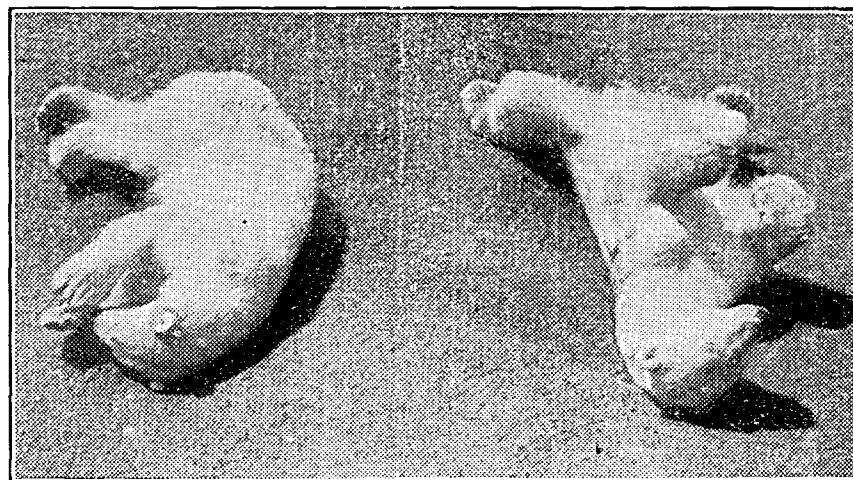
The sheep in Hyde Park come down to the Serpentine to drink



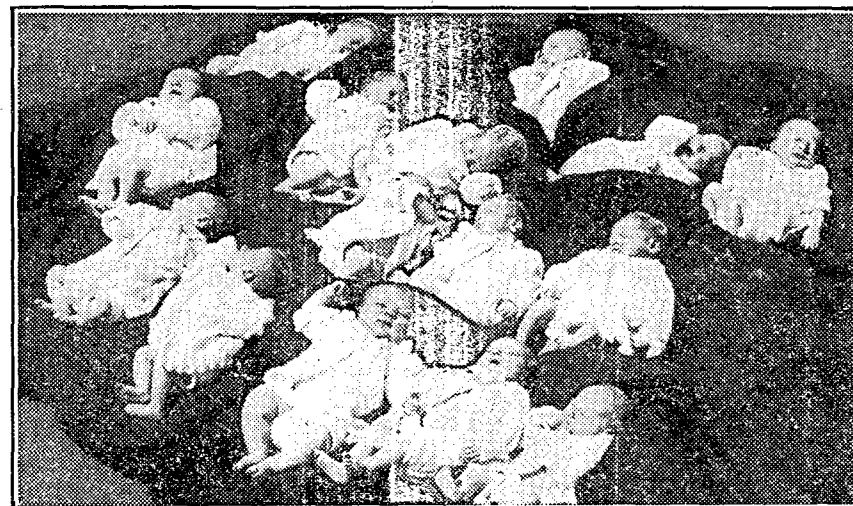
In the fountain's cooling flow at Hampton Court



Suitable walking attire for the hot weather



The Polar bears at the Zoo find the heat very trying



The babies enjoy a Sun bath at Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Seldom do we experience such wonderful weather in Britain as we have had this summer. Towns are not the best places to live in during a heat-wave, but here we have a few sidelights on life in London during a hot spell.

OLD TIMOTHY'S ENGINE

Samson Lost and Found

NOVA SCOTIA WELCOMES AN OLD FRIEND

Everybody knows the names Puffing Billy and the Rocket. There is another venerable engine deserving a measure of fame, and Samson is its title.

Samson was a Scot, for he was built by Timothy Hackworth at New Shildon, but Samson emigrated in 1838 and today he is the oldest locomotive in Canada.

Timothy Hackworth, who was a great engine builder, designed Samson specially for hauling coal from the mines at Stellarton, Nova Scotia, some seven miles to the wharfside. In those days engines were new-fangled things, and Samson was the very first to work in Nova Scotia. He had two brother engines, and in time they were consigned to the scrap heap.

But Samson worked on. In 1893 he appeared at the Chicago Exhibition, and people laughed at his antiquated shape. Then he was condemned to be broken up for old iron, but an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad said he ought to be preserved.

A Generous Action

Years passed, and everyone forgot him. Then by chance a Scotsman read about Samson's coming to Canada 90 years ago. He amused himself by trying to trace the engine's history, beginning with inquiries in Edinburgh. For a time it seemed as if Samson must be lost, but at last the old engine turned up in a locomotive house in West Virginia belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Nova Scotia began to want her long-lost engine back. It was the very first she had ever had; it was a veteran and a pioneer. The Premier, Mr. E. N. Rhodes, asked the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to part with Samson.

The American railway responded nobly, and Samson was repaired, transported free, and presented to the Province of Nova Scotia.

The old engine is now home again in Canada, occupying a temporary building in Halifax, but it is hoped that Samson will one day stand in a museum among other records of Nova Scotia's past. Never again will Samson be lost, forgotten, or condemned to the scrap heap.

LITTLE WILD THINGS

Poor Motherless Scraps

A Hertfordshire reader sends us an interesting account of how she became possessed of two very young wild rabbits. She shall tell the story in her own words.

I had been wanting a pet for a long time when Mother came home and told me a friend had two young rabbits for me if I would like them.

I set off on my bicycle, and when I reached his house right in the country my friend showed me two tiny things huddled in a box. They were common wild rabbits, and both sat easily on one of my hands.

I asked him how he got them, and he said that his dog, a retriever with two puppies, had wandered out alone that morning and came rushing back with one of the rabbits, which she laid at his feet. It was squealing with fright.

Then she disappeared again, and soon returned with another baby rabbit in her mouth. So our friend took them, put them in a box, and told Mother about it. That is how I became possessed of those motherless scraps.

Unfortunately neither of them was reared, though the vet. was called in to advise, but one of the rabbits lived till it weighed nine ounces.

THE PALACE IN THE SLUM

A RICH LADY'S FAILURE

The Story of a Great Hall in a Mean Street

COLUMBIA MARKET

We are all ashamed of our slums, anxious to pull them down and set up something beautiful in their place. This is the story of a rich woman who tried to do it long ago, before most of us were born.

Bethnal Green is one of the poorest districts of East London. Its houses are small and each house usually holds several families. Its streets are mostly narrow and shabby, except in those parts where the County Council has erected fine blocks of dwellings.

In the middle of some of the poorest and shabbiest streets is a magnificent building that looks from a distance as if it might be part of a cathedral or a university. On one side is a large and lofty Gothic hall, with seven cathedral-like windows on each side, and a richly ornamented tower rising from the centre. In the belfry of the tower is a series of figures 18 feet high which strike the chimes and play tunes on a fine peal of bells. The hall is as rich inside as it is glorious outside.

Sixty Years Since

As you approach you see that the place is decaying and partly deserted. The hall is closed and empty. The bottom floors in the buildings to the side are partly boarded up and partly used as workshops and stores by small furniture makers; the upper floors serve the purpose of tenements.

This is Columbia Market, a noble venture which failed. Over sixty years ago the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, one of the richest and most generous and kindhearted of Englishwomen, dreamed of a new way of helping the poor. The Baroness gave much of her money and time to charity, rebuilding slums, helping people to emigrate, and doing good in many other ways.

No Expense Spared

She had heard how the old London markets helped to make the food of the people dear. They had a system of tolls and monopolies that did harm. The Baroness said that she would build a market where food would be sold freely, and where there were no tolls.

In those days there was a very bad slum district in Bethnal Green called Nova Scotia Gardens. The Baroness bought this, and obtained an Act of Parliament permitting her to open a market there.

She gave orders that the most beautiful market in the world was to be built. No expense was spared. All the work was of the finest kind, and the iron ornaments were hand-beaten. The great hall was fit for a king's state chamber and the official rooms were oak-panelled. The market took five years to build and cost over £200,000. It was opened with great ceremony on April 29, 1869, as a fish and vegetable market.

One Good Result

The men at the head of the old markets made up their minds to kill this new venture. It threatened their bad old ways. They would not let supplies come to it and they boycotted it. And so this free market for the people stood practically empty.

Two years after it was opened the Baroness handed it over to the City Corporation, thinking that perhaps they might be able to do something with it. Three years later they handed it back to her. The opposition of the old market-holders at Billingsgate and Spitalfields had been too strong for it.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

Kindness Needed in the Congo

NEWS FOR FRANCE TO THINK ABOUT

In France just now a great deal of interest is being taken in some startling stories which have been brought back from the Congo and published.

About half of the territory known as the French Congo was given, nearly thirty years ago, to a number of private companies which have cultivated the soil, exported rubber and ivory, and built up big businesses. The land was granted for thirty years, and this time is up in 1929. The two chief companies, into which many of the smaller ones have been amalgamated, hope to hold the land for another thirty years, but a number of people in France are strongly against this renewal. They have reason to be. Here are some of the facts.

Terrorised by Guns

Having been given the soil, the companies claim not only all the products, so that the native may not even collect anything for himself, but also the right of forcing the population to work for them. On one concession there are 120,000 natives, from whom labour is expected whether they wish it or not. For the rubber they collect they are paid a franc or a franc and a half for the same amount as the people in the free regions are paid 10 or 12 francs for.

Often they have to go immense distances from home to obtain it, but the pay is not increased. If they are unwilling, they are terrorised by the muzzles of guns pointed at them by armed guards. When threats prove useless they are imprisoned or lashed with cruel thongs made of hippopotamus skin. Even that is not enough. Women and children are taken as hostages and held captive until the men bring in a sufficient quantity of rubber.

Punitive Expeditions

Still worse happens if a village appears obstinate. Punitive expeditions are organised; huts are burned, plantations are destroyed, and natives are massacred. There is no progress or happiness for these poor people, only wealth for the companies.

It seems hardly possible that these things should be true, but it is a well-known Frenchman who publishes the stories and has also made them known to a French society which is endeavouring to abolish such evils. Needless to say, this society is using all its power to persuade the Government not to grant renewal of the concessions. It will be helped in its purpose if all who stand for just dealings with human beings uphold it with their support.

Continued from the previous column

In 1875 three railway companies united to turn it into a railway fish depot, but without success. Then friends of the Baroness, determined not to be beaten by Billingsgate, organised a fleet of fishing smacks and steam carriers to keep Columbia Market supplied with cheap food for the people. This, too, ended in failure.

The place was allowed to sink gradually into decay. In 1915 the London County Council bought it, meaning to use the site for a big school. Some day it may do this, but in the meantime it lets the little shops to furniture makers and the rooms above to poor families. One furniture firm even worked for a time in the central hall.

The great effort by the Baroness was not altogether a failure, however. So much was said about the faults of the old markets with their "rings" and high tolls that they were compelled to reform themselves.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG

Otto Richter, a German sculptor, has made a monument to be set up in Berlin which all English people will hear of with delight. It is a monument to dogs, in memory of the services they have rendered to human beings.

The love we have for dogs is a very special love. We can never give them what they give us of unquestioning and humble devotion. They set us an example in friendship. And there are some people for whom dogs are more than friends—blind people whose sticks go tapping along the street.

A dog running ahead on a lead guides that nervous sound, and is not afraid of showing its teeth on its master's behalf. Only those who have been temporarily blinded and have come back into a world of light and colour can have any idea of the meaning of that phrase—a blind man and his dog.

Humanity's Debt of Gratitude

The blind do not forget their friends, and it is blind people who have suggested this dog monument in Berlin. They will never see the thing they have caused to be given to the world, but they know that other people will see it, perhaps reminding them of the debt of gratitude human beings owe to dogs the world over—for life-saving, for devotion, for companionship.

The sculpture in Berlin is to show a German shepherd dog. Thinking of this, the last token of men's gratitude, we are reminded of an earlier one, made by a Greek warrior whose dog gave him such help on the field of Marathon that its effigy was engraved on his tablet. There is also in the Greek Anthology an epitaph on a dog's grave which has come to us down the ages:

Thou who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave. Tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hand, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb.

Scott and His Dog Camp

There was the dog Sir Walter Scott loved, whose death he mourned as that of a dear old friend. This is what Scott's biographer Lockhart wrote of Scott and his dog Camp:

"He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said. As the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would say, 'Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford' (or by the hill), and the sick animal would bestir himself to welcome his master. He was buried on a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house opposite the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife told me that she remembered the whole family standing in tears above the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf with the saddest expression she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of the death of a dear old friend."

A Noble Nature

Scott himself had many dogs, and loved them all. This is what he wrote of the dog and its qualities:

"The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood."

A man, it has been said, can be unfaithful and betray a trust; a dog, never.

AMERICA'S MILLIONS

At the end of the last financial year of the United States there was a surplus of £80,000,000, most of which will go toward reducing the National Debt, which is £200,000,000 less than a year ago.

EXPLOSIONS WILL HAPPEN

WHAT BRINGS THEM ABOUT

Big Volumes of Gas Suddenly Set Free

EXPANDING 100,000 TIMES

When the Inspectors of Explosives tell us the strange ways in which explosions have happened in the past year, such as when a boy jumped with hob-nailed boots on a cement-floor where petrol was stored, or when a mechanic let a petrol-tank from a car slip on the corner of a can, we may wonder what an explosion is, and what causes it.

The scientific explanation of an explosive is that it is a substance capable of liberating very large quantities of gas as a result of very rapid chemical action. For example, the gases set free by the explosion of gunpowder occupy about 300 times the volume of the powder, and the heat of the explosion expands these gases many times more.

A Needed Warning

In the report of one of the inspectors this form of explosion received an alarming illustration. In a science class some boys were experimenting with gunpowder, and were told to mix potassium chlorate, potassium nitrate, charcoal, and sulphur in a mortar. Something happened to produce "a very rapid chemical action," perhaps a spark from a pestle in the mortar, and the consequence was that the boy mixing the ingredients was injured.

Sudden heat, a spark from a flint, as one struck out by hob-nails on cement, or from two metals striking one another, is the most frequent cause of unexpected explosions. Books on chemistry should be careful to mention when the ingredients are dangerous. Fortunately classes in chemistry do not experiment with the ingredients of nitro-glycerine. The gases take up 100,000 times the volume occupied by the mixture in an instant of time.

Strange Happening in a Well

Nitro-glycerine is rarely met, but petrol is nearly as common as water, and petrol produced most of the year's strange explosions. One occurred, for example, when two men were examining a drinking-well at Horsham into which paraffin and lubricating oil had trickled through bad drainage. A lighted candle had been lowered into the well, and the explosion was like that which takes place when people go looking for a leak in the gaspipe in the same way.

The great promoter of explosions is heat. If men were fifty feet high, and walked the country in hob-nailed boots, the friction of their footsteps would convert even flint and sand and gravel into explosives.

STRIPED HIGHWAYS

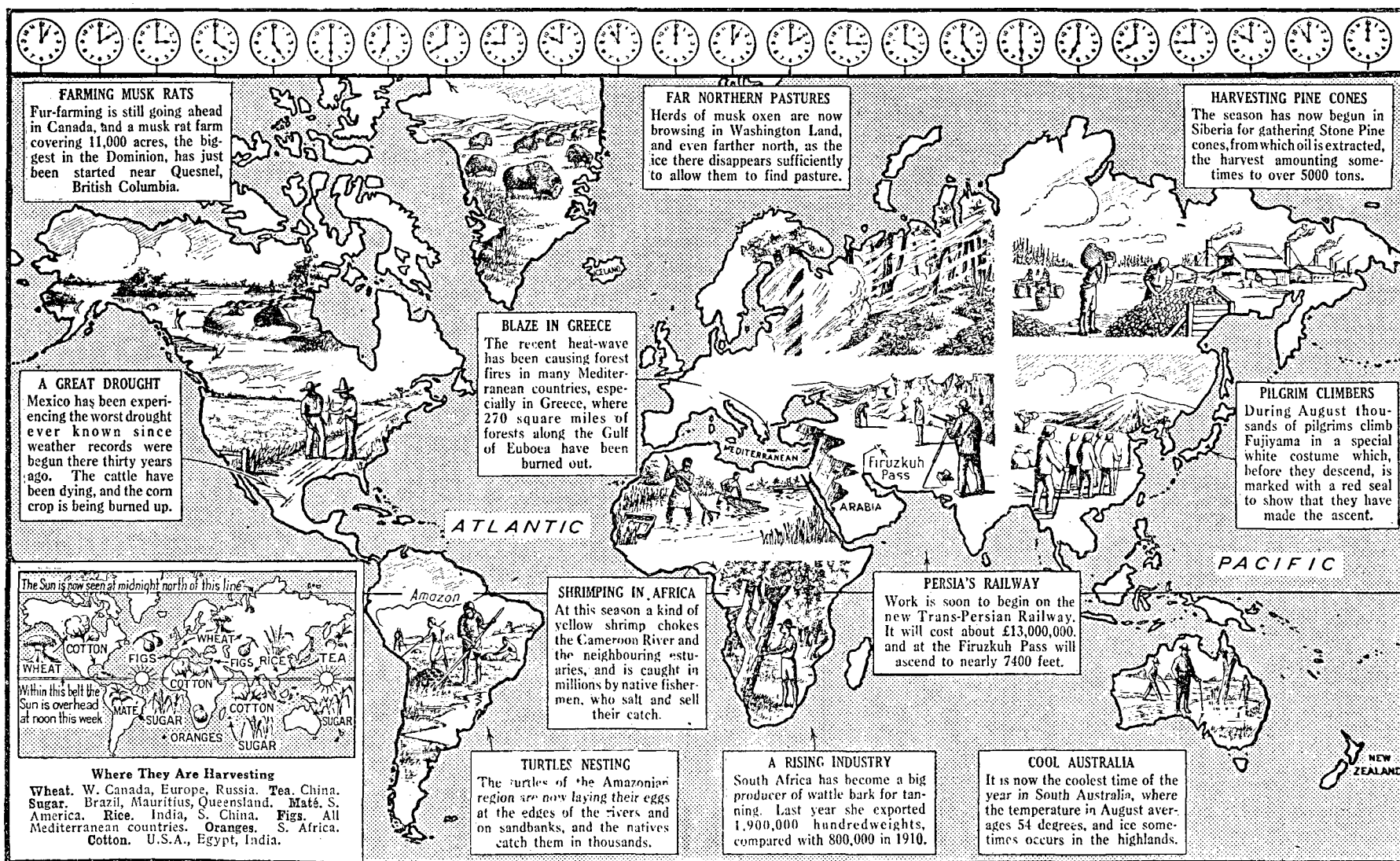
The White Line in California

How fast the world moves! It is only a very few years since we began to paint white lines at London street corners for the guidance of motor-traffic, yet already 260 miles of the State highways of California have a white line painted down the middle of their whole length.

This stripe, as it is called, is said to help on the curves of the mountainous routes because it reminds the driver to keep on the right side of the centre line. Many roads have not one stripe, but three, especially wide, straight roads in level country where the traffic is great. They mark what are known as traffic lanes. Slow, heavy traffic must keep to the outside lanes; only fast cars may use the inner lanes on either side of the central stripes.

An orange-coloured lacquer paint has been found most serviceable for this very useful work.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A SHAMEFUL DEED IN MEXICO

Fate of General Obregon

Mexico has suffered a bitter disgrace in the eyes of the world. One of her best men has been assassinated.

Usually the existing president has been the victim of the assassin, and the man who secured his assassination succeeded him in the natural course. This time, however, it is the president-elect, General Obregon, who has been killed.

He had been president before, when he carried through many reforms, and secured the peaceful election of his friend President Calles as his successor.

The policy of Obregon and Calles in restoring the dispossessed natives to the land made them very powerful enemies, the Roman Catholic Church, which was a great landowner there, and the American oil companies and other foreigners to whom their predecessors had made grants of oil-bearing lands.

Other things they did were to reduce the army, improve the law courts, and settle the Mexican Debt. Obregon did more for the education of the common people than anyone before him, and sent agents about the country explaining to ignorant mothers that corncake and bananas are not the best food for babies. He told a famous correspondent that he would very much like to have a paper like the C.N. in Mexico.

For all his sternness, his countrymen have reason to remember him with gratitude, and Mexico has suffered one more disastrous blow at her fortunes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Delilah	De-ly-lah
Euboea	U-be-ah
Munich	Mu-nik
Ohio	O-hy-o
Titian	Tish-an

A DEAR OLD LADY
Ellen Terry Goes to Rest

On the gate of a little Tudor cottage in a quiet lane of Kent there hung the other day a copy of these lines by William Allingham, which Ellen Terry had written on the flyleaf of a sacred book she loved:

*No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, grave-yard grimness.
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still—you Mine. Remember all—the best*

*Of our past moments and forget the rest,
And so, to where I wait, come gently on.*

Below these lines Ellen Terry had written that she would wish her children and friends to observe their spirit when she died.

Now, in this cottage near Tenterden, she has passed away after as great a career on the English stage as any woman has known. To the great world she was Ellen Terry the famous actress; to the people in the little hamlets round Tenterden she was the dear old lady who lived in an oak-raftered cottage near the toll-gate at Small Hythe.

She began acting as a child of eight, when everybody laughed at her pretty ways; she has closed her life at eighty with everybody loving her.

SAVING LAKELAND FROM THE VANDALS

Lakelanders have decided to save Lakeland for England.

A conference of local authorities in the northern half of the district has decided to follow the example of the southern half, and form a Regional Planning Committee to work with the County Councils.

It has been well said that America would long ago have turned the whole Lake District into a national park. Our methods are slower, but not, let us hope, less sure.

THE LAST POST AT MENIN GATE

As the Sun Goes Down

As time goes on we want to forget the hate and horror of the Great War, but there is one thing we can never forget, and that is the sacrifice of the lives laid down. So it is good to think that night after night, as the summer goes by, a reminder will sound from Menin Gate.

The chief of the police of Ypres has started a ceremony in which at sundown two buglers sound the Belgian retreat. The traffic is held up and people can stand for a moment and watch, and think, and remember what the dying day meant to so many in the years which already seem long ago. The Belgian buglers are being taught the Last Post, the call which has rung out over the open graves of Englishmen all over the world, in lonely hill stations, on remote islands, wherever the British flag has flown.

Since the war the Last Post has always had a special meaning, and now, on summer evenings for evermore, the Last Post will ring out at the Menin Gate.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

What qualities make the ideal British citizen? These are the qualities named by the Bishop of Durham when he spoke at Westminster to a meeting of the Parents' National Educational Union the other day:

"The ideal British citizen is clean living, honourable, courteous, a gentleman, a lover of his country, a cosmopolitan interested in human affairs as such, loyal to the cause of civilisation and conscious of international obligations; and last, but not least, he is always a worker."

It would not be easy to make a better list than that.

FIVE TIMES PRIME MINISTER

Italy Loses a Great Figure

THE LAST VOICE FOR FREEDOM IN PARLIAMENT

One of the greatest figures of United Italy disappears with the death of Signor Giolitti at 85.

Five times Prime Minister, he dominated the Italian Parliament for a generation, in office and out, and he swayed not only the Parliament but the voters who elected it! He was a sincere believer in popular government, but he had his own ways of managing both Government and people, and though no one ever accused him of personal corruption public opinion was shocked more than once at the means he took to procure his ends.

He was a sincere believer in peace, yet it was his Government which led the country into war with Turkey and roused the Jingo feelings on which Mussolini still plays so skilfully. He strongly opposed Italy's entry into the war, and told the people that Austria would give them voluntarily more than they could win by fighting her.

He returned to power after the war, and was in office when the workers seized control of the factories eight years ago. It was his failure to drive them out which gave Mussolini his opportunity. He said he had not police enough to stop the business, and preferred that it should collapse of its own folly (as indeed it did), teaching its authors a useful lesson.

He was a temperate but steady critic of Fascism to the end, and his moderation was rewarded by his being allowed to retain his seat in the Fascist Parliament. His voice was the last to be heard there in protest against the destruction of Parliamentary rule in Italy.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 4 1928

The Greatest Peace Step Yet

THE Great Powers of the future will be the Powers that are strong to keep the Pact of Peace.

This Pact, by which Britain, America, France, and Germany have pledged themselves to renounce war, is one of those ideas that are so great that the world hardly realises them at first. Like all great things it is simple.

When the Great War ended the nations of Europe lifted up their voices in a passionate cry that there should be no more war. This had been a war, we were told, to end war.

Yet hardly had the bells of Peace ceased ringing than the very meaning of the blessed word was obscured by the wranglings of the delegates and politicians of European nations who sought to make something out of it. The threat of renewed wars dwelled even in the Peace Treaties!

Men of goodwill in Europe did not readily give up the hope of peace for which millions of men had died, but they strove like men tangled in the webs of deceit and bargaining which diplomacy had spun for hundreds of years.

Then comes a plain man, Mr. Kellogg of America, like a man from another planet, and asks the world to say that it wants peace and does not want war, and that peace it will have. How simple! He spoke the hope and desire in everybody's mind, and Europe, a little surprised that it should all be plain sailing, just says, *We will not go the War Way*, and the thing is done.

It is done, and it can never be undone. That, in a sentence, is the meaning of the Pact and what must follow from it. Set-backs there will be. There can be no change of heart in a single night, or by a single phrase, but the face of Europe is turned toward peace, and this Pact, which is the charter of a new hope and intention, is one of the most important documents to which the United Nations of the British Empire and the United States of America have ever set their signatures.

With America and with the British Empire our signature is our bond. The Pact will be no scrap of paper, but a mighty instrument for good. It is the greatest Peace step yet taken by mankind. We can see in it the one good thing that has come out of the War. The rotten dynasties of Europe have gone; the whole world heaved a sigh of relief when they fell. Let but the rotten warlike politics of Europe follow them, and there will arise a United States of Europe to be followed by the United States of the World, bound together in the bonds of universal Peace.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Old-Fashioned

EVERYBODY knows that the roads have still far too many motorists without manners, imperilling their own lives and other people's.

In the old days, when there were only horse-drawn vehicles, it was considered dreadful for one to crowd another. Not so long ago someone saw a young man obeying this rule of courtesy. He was driving a little grocer's cart in a crowded road and wanted to get across into a side street. Just as he was about to pull round he heard the post-horn and saw the four-in-hand mailcoach coming.

He could easily have got across. A car would have got across. But this young man waited and let the four-in-hand roll by. The driver was quite aware of this little act of old-fashioned politeness. His gloved hand touched the brim of his top hat as he passed. The lad saluted in return, and turned his cob across the road.

These two horsemen had unconsciously shown other drivers a little picture of the old-fashioned courtesy of the English highway.

Paying Back

A Northern reader draws our attention to a most pleasing incident mentioned in the Wesleyan Local Preacher's Magazine.

THE local preachers have a Mutual Aid Association to help any who have need through the changes Time may bring. One much respected member received in weekly grants in ten years £206 6s.; and his widow in the ensuing ten years received £94 3s. 6d. Eight years ago she died.

They left a married daughter who, with her husband, felt that the help given to the old people should be repaid. Their resources were small, yet by thrift and sacrifice they have managed, at the end of the eight years, to hand back to the Association the great sum of £500.

From whatever point of view this story is regarded it illustrates honour and sympathy of the highest type of character. The friendly relief from pressing cares, the appreciation felt for that relief, the response in effort and saving, the generosity offered to the memory of good parents—it is all a most honourable story that cannot be too widely known.

A Prayer for End of Term

O God, we thank Thee once more for all Thy good gifts to us.

We praise Thee for the gift of this term—for its healthy discipline and its healthy freedom; for the joy of effort and of rest; for the inspiration of friendship, and most of all for the friendship of Christ our Lord.

Help us so to receive Thy gifts as to grow in all that is strong and true; and teach us all our days to show forth Thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives.

Delightful

THE Governor-General of Canada has been created a Red Indian Chief.

"You represent the Great White Father across the water," said the Tribal Chief, placing the headdress on Lord Willingdon; "brothers we are from this day."

Lady Willingdon added her own word to her husband, which was: "You look positively delightful."

Tip-Cat

A NEWSPAPER heading tells us that the Pyrenees exist no longer. Surely they are long enough.

ONE of Mr. Rockefeller's daughters has lost a seven-million-dollar suit.

The cost of women's clothes is terrible.

A BREWERY at Fulham has turned teetotal. Other breweries please follow.

A MAN has risked his life to save his hat. He was afraid he might catch a cold in the head.

A MOTOR-CYCLE is a pest to humanity, says Dr. Rouse. Humanity is often a pest to a motor-cycle.

A SCOTSMAN has laughed for an hour without stopping. We are looking up the joke.

Justice Loses Her Sword

IT is good news that when the Home Secretary was handed a silver key with which to open the door of the new Children's Court at Birmingham, which has been described in the C.N., the key bore a figure of Justice without her sword.

Why, after all, should Justice have a sword?

Beneath the figure of Justice on this key were the words: "Justice with Understanding," surely a happy way of expressing the new and gentler ways which are transforming the work of Children's Courts, and of prisons too.

True

"To be sure God made me," said a little girl last week after repeating "Little Lamb who made thee?"

"Yes, of course; and I really must write Him a little letter thanking Him so much."

"But you're five, darling," remonstrated her mother.

"Yes," said small Christine, "I know; and it is such a very long time since I was born. I ought to be thanking by now, or He will have forgotten me."

The Uninvited Guest

By Peter Puck

High Society has been greatly perturbed by the appearance of uninvited guests at suppers and dances, and means are being devised by hostesses to keep out intruders.

England gave a party and invited to her board

Blackbird, robin redbreast, thrush, and Jenny Wren,

Nightingale and skylark, chaffinch, sparrow, tit,

Pigeon, starling, cuckoo, and the dear, domestic hen.

But she did not ask the butcher bird, the crow, nor yet the hawk,

For she heard that they were birds of evil fame,

So she said, "I shall not ask them, they would only spoil the fun";

But, although they weren't invited, the cruel creatures came.

She invited handsome horses, sheep, and cows, and goats, and pigs,

And invited Master Donkey as a very special guest,

And she smiled to think how friendly and how jolly it would be,

With all these useful animals behaving at their best.

But she did not ask the adder, nor the stoat, and not the fox,

For she knew that they were cruel and would break up every game,

So she said, "I will not ask them; they are violent and false";

But, although they weren't invited, the monstrous villains came.

She invited rose and bluebell, daisy, buttercup, and may,

While the snowdrop and the crocus were asked to come together,

And she begged the little celandine and speedwells to be there,

With lilies, kingcups, violets, and heather.

But she did not ask the nettle, or the nightshade, or the tare,

For she knew that they were labelled with a very evil name,

So she said, "I shall not ask them; not a weed shall mar my feast";

But, although they weren't invited, the noxious villains came.

Now

Whoever gives a party let him arm and stand on guard,

Let him watch his doors and windows like a sentry at the gate,

For the guest who isn't bidden, if he once sets foot inside,

May eat up all the supper and go off with all the plate.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MARYLEBONE is building 63 flats to replace a slum, and charging the same rents.

AN unknown friend of Harrow is paying the cost of pulling down a row of ugly buildings in High Street.

THE Women's Institute Movement has started an Anti-Litter League.

WILL all motorists please give way to horses in the hot weather?

AN unknown lady has twice left a roll of banknotes for £500 at Liverpool Cathedral.

A CHEQUE for £50,000 has been given anonymously for the prevention of tuberculosis.

LITTLE HENRI TOVELL

ORPHAN OF THE GREAT WAR

The Small Son of a Squadron of Australia's Flying Corps

END OF A LIFE-STORY

Henri Tovell is dead, the dear adopted son of the Fourth Squadron of the Australian Flying Corps.

In the early months of the Great War Henri, the son of a French soldier, was about five. He lived in a little French village in the war zone with his mother, sisters, and brother. One week in 1915 the father came home on leave.

While Henri was playing, some distance away, a shell found the village. The child hurried back, to learn that it was his own home which had been struck. His little world was gone.

A Wandering Life

Henri wandered away across the fields, having nowhere to live, and presently came to the base of a French howitzer battery. He lived with the gunners for some time (there is always room for a small boy), and then wandered away again. The orphaned child drifted from regiment to regiment. In the summer the Fourth Squadron of the Australian Flying Corps adopted him.

From 1917 to 1919 Henri had an extremely interesting kind of life. Wherever the squadron went, he went, all over Northern France, Belgium, Germany. His last spell in France was in the demobilisation camp at Havre.

In the meantime the gendarmes had found out all about Henri. It was all very well, they said, for a regiment to adopt a small boy, but in truth Henri belonged to France, and in France he must stay. The squadron had become very much attached to their "son," and they determined to outwit the French authorities. When the time came for the squadron to sail for Southampton Henri was hidden in a bag among some records.

On Salisbury Plain

The gendarmes twirled their moustaches and shifted their cloaks angrily, but they had to let the vessel sail, and Henri came to England with his squadron. The squadron went into camp on Salisbury Plain, and there Henri was given his first uniform, with its two wound stripes.

The months went by, and the time came for the squadron to sail for Australia. Now the English authorities had to be considered. They were in league with the French gendarmes, and they said Henri should go back to France. "You find him," said the squadron when the time for embarkation came. "If you find him you can keep him."

At Home in Brisbane

The military police and special officers examined everything taken on board. They got rather tired of looking into bags, but they looked. At the last minute a great load of bread came to go on board, sacks and sacks of cottage loaves. The officers, already a little tired, examined them, and toward the end contented themselves with just taking out a loaf or two. Thus it was that Henri, tied up with some bread in the last sack but one, was tossed over on to the ship, and reached Australia.

Henri made a happy home with one of his "fathers" in Brisbane, and presently joined the Royal Australian Air Force. Then, the other day, came a motor crash, and Henri was killed. The squadron have mourned sadly for their son, remembering all the merry hours he gave them in the past, in far-away Europe. They took him to his grave on an Air Force wagon, and buried him with honours. Good-bye, little Henri!

POP GOES THE WEASEL

NOT many of us expect to see a weasel from the top of our bus.

The driver and passengers of the blue bus from Coleford to Monmouth saw four (in fact, five) and the circumstances were so extraordinary that the bus pulled up, and the tale ran all round the Forest of Dean.

Four of the weasels, very much alive, appeared to be carrying the body of the fifth, which was dead, across the public highway. Two weasels in front had seized their dead friend's legs and were dragging the body along. The other two live weasels were not so busy, but they were in attendance. They might have been the mourners at the funeral.

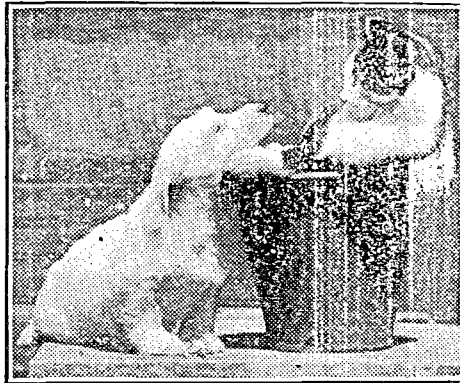
Weasels are bold creatures, very little afraid of men, and the oncoming bus

did not scatter them. It was the driver of the bus who was surprised, and he pulled up, while the passengers stood open-mouthed as they gazed at the strange spectacle.

The weasels took the body across the road into the ditch, and then scattered. The bus drove on. When it had gone a little way, and all was quiet once more, out came the pall-bearers again, and succeeded in whisking their dead comrade through the hedge.

That is the end of the story, which would hardly be believed if there were not so many witnesses to the curious facts. The only doubt in our natural historian's mind is whether the fifth animal was a weasel. It may have been a dead rabbit.

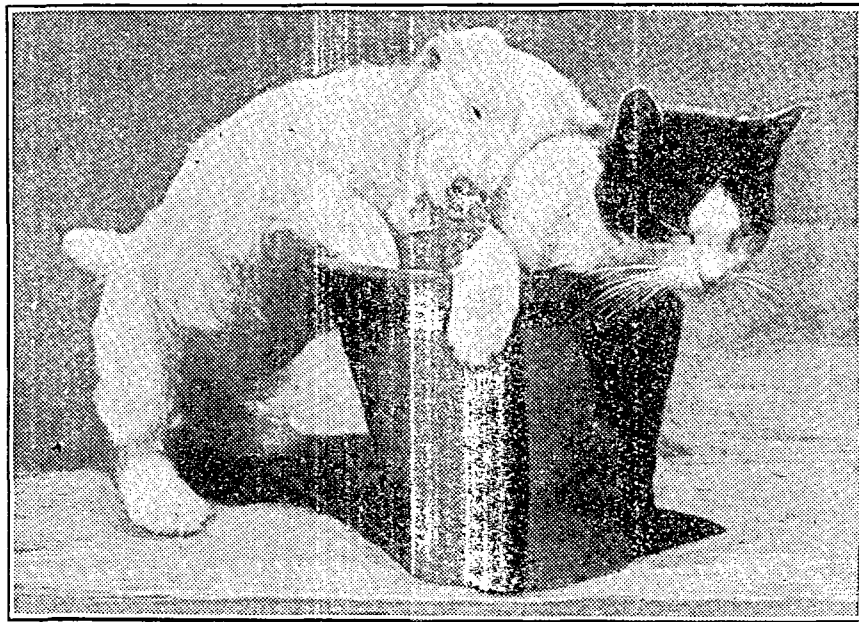
A CAT AND DOG LIFE



"Things are very quiet today."



"What was that?"



"Nothing. Let's go to sleep again."

Cats and dogs, which seem to be natural enemies when they meet as strangers, are often the greatest of friends when they live together in the same house. The Sealyham puppy in these pictures is sometimes quite rough in his play, but Puss takes it all in good part.

RAIN FINDS PHARAOH

Little Green Shoots by the Nile

When the winter rains fell on the Fayoum oasis of Upper Egypt the vegetation sprang up after them, and Miss Caton-Thompson, who was excavating there, noticed that the green shoots thrang up in regular lines.

This could only mean that once in that place some roads or ditches must have been dug. In Wiltshire, in the same way, old Stone Age encampments dug in the chalk still show their lines among the crops that cover them.

When the members of the Anthropological Institute expeditions dug down they found a great system of irrigation canals and ditches covering 17 square miles of desert. Pottery and coins strewed among the trenches showed that these vast engineering works had been undertaken by Ptolemy the Second and Ptolemy the Third in the third century B.C.

TOPSY-TURVY LAND

Slaves Before Sons

Sometimes a slave is better off than his master's son. This is one of the strange things to be learned by a student of Akan Law.

In the independent African State of which Sir Ofori Atta is Paramount Chief a man's property must remain in his own clan. His wife can never become a member of his family or clan, so that she and her children cannot inherit his property. But if he likes the man can make his slave a member of his family and then he can leave his property to the slave, although the law forbids him to leave it to his son.

This seems a topsy-turvy arrangement to us, but doubtless the Akan people find many of our legal arrangements ridiculous and complicated. Even British people are known to complain of British law sometimes.

THE MEN AT THE WICKETS

SPORT THAT RUNS IN FAMILIES

The Problem of Alien Teams on the Cricket Field

POACHING FROM THE EMPIRE

Cricketers have all been interested of late over the appearance in a first-class match of George Gunn, the Notts and England batsman, and G. V. Gunn, his son. G. V. is the fourth Gunn to take the field for Notts during the last twenty years.

William Gunn, who used to play Soccer for England and was, with Arthur Shrewsbury, always among the first chosen to play cricket against Australia, was the uncle of George Gunn, of whom young G. V. is the son. Shrewsbury gave Notts a cricketing nephew, who failed to live up to the family tradition; and Richard Daft, the old All-England captain, had a son, H. B. Daft, in the Notts Eleven who, while a brilliant forward for England, the Corinthians, and Notts, had not the dash and genius of his father at cricket, and lost his place through slow play.

The Incomparable Grace

It is not often that son succeeds father in sport. Dr. Grace and his boy, W. G. Junior, often played together for Gloucestershire, but it was the fame of the incomparable Grand Old Man which sustained the younger bearer of the name. Tate, the old Sussex bowler, has given us a player greater than himself in Maurice, the England bowler, but we look in vain for a young Palaret, Fry, Ford, Foster, O'Brien, Stoddart, or Lucas in the county teams of today.

Indeed the tendency is to roam too far afield for players; to maintain them for two years, and then introduce them as "qualified by residence."

Surrey once had two Notts men in Lockwood and Sharpe, followed by Hayward and Hobbs of Cambridgeshire, and Lees and Hitch of Yorkshire; yet brilliant youngsters of their own had to go to other counties, the great Leonard Braund, for instance, a man who for England or Somerset could bowl out half a side and then make a century off his own bat. Lancashire was once mainly an alien team.

A Very Difficult Problem

At the present moment Dacre of New Zealand, the finest bat in a Dominion of few notable cricketers, is qualifying for Gloucestershire; Macdonald, Australia's best bowler, is with Lancashire; and one of the most gifted of South African players is in minor cricket in the North of England.

A very difficult problem faces the counties. Glamorgan has had to import most of her men to play county cricket in Wales; Surrey has too many good bats and too few good bowlers. Genius cannot languish in minor cricket or we should never have heard of Hayward, Hobbs, or Mold.

Resentment in the Dominions

There must be movement, and that by qualification, of ambitious ability to the more prosperous counties. Teams such as Notts and Yorkshire will play none but home-bred players, and they play county cricket indeed.

The question is very complicated, for there is the point of view of the player who demands freedom of action and the right to share in a game of which he is master. But we ought certainly to set our faces against poaching from the thinly-peopled Dominions, where our engagement of players causes deep and lasting resentment.

GOOD CHEER FOR LONDON

Charing Cross Dream Grows Brighter

NEW STATION ON THE RIVER

The promise for the view from Westminster Bridge which Wordsworth loved grows brighter and brighter.

Negotiations have been continued regarding the fate of Charing Cross Station, which involves that of its horrible railway bridge. Instead of joining up Charing Cross with Waterloo the authorities have been discussing a new site for it on the river front.

The site is between the County Hall and Waterloo Bridge. It would be approached from Waterloo Bridge and from Westminster Bridge, as well as from the new Charing Cross Bridge, and we may be sure the new station would be made architecturally worthy of such a position. It would front the river, and below it would be a continuation of the Embankment between the Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, of which so fine a beginning has been made in front of the County Hall.

If this plan is carried out the old dream of the C.N. of an embankment on the south side of the river will have been brought a long step nearer fulfilment. That fulfilment began when the County Council decided, by a majority of one, to build its home across the Thames. It was a great and bold beginning of a new glory for London.

CANADA AND THE WORLD

Her Growing Trade

We are accustomed to think of Canada as a great exporter of food; now we are to accustom ourselves to think of her as becoming an exporter of manufactures. Canadian motor-cars, electrical apparatus, and household goods are gaining ground in the world's markets.

Nearly three-quarters of her exports still go to the United States and the United Kingdom, but trade with other parts of the Empire is rapidly growing. Nearly three times as much in value goes to Africa now as before the war, and over three times as much to the West Indies; to Australia four times, to New Zealand eight times, and to India nearly 30 times.

THE BATTLE WITH THE WASPS

A fireman had a queer experience the other day. During the greatest spell of the heat-wave a fire broke out in the railway cutting between Hove and Brighton.

It is a deep cutting of about 60 feet, and the sides were dense with shrub and undergrowth. The Hove firemen came to the rescue and turned their 500 feet of hose on the blazing shrubs. In one part it was impossible to get at the flames without going down the bank, and one of the firemen volunteered.

His comrades tied a rope round him for safety, and he climbed down the steep cutting, playing his hose as he went. But he had not counted on the wasps in the undergrowth.

Several families of wasps had set up house in the protected undergrowth, and when the fire drove them out and showers of hard-hitting rain fell on them they became very angry.

It was a very awkward five minutes for the fireman, who could scarcely see for wasps. He had to direct the hose with one hand and fight the wasps with the other. But the water was doing its work, and when he saw the last spark out the fireman gave a tug on the rope and was helped up to safety.

QUEEN ELIZABETH & GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is good news that Queen Elizabeth's statue in Fleet Street should be under repair, or under promise of repair. The doorway of St. Dunstan's School, where it stands, is a place so rich in London's story, and the statue itself is so precious, that it has long been pitiful to see it crumbling into dust.

Queen Elizabeth saw this statue. It was made in her later middle age and, though so weather-beaten and crumbling, it bears the stamp of her powerful head and the bygone style of dress she delighted in.

The statue originally adorned the old Lud Gate, which stood halfway up Ludgate Hill. Some writers say that this old Lud Gate was strengthened by the rebellious barons of King John. What we do actually know is that Queen Elizabeth passed through it, as her mother Anne Boleyn had done; Anne passed through the gate on her way to her coronation, the gate being gilded in her honour.

There came a day when Elizabeth herself passed through, and again the ancient city gate was made to shine with gold. She passed slowly; and it is interesting to be reminded that when she had gone over the River Fleet and passed along Fleet Street, she saw a body of schoolboys of Christ's Hospital (Blue Coats, as we call them now) gathered in her honour. One of them lifted up his nervous, piping voice and made a long speech in Latin.

It may be Elizabeth saw at that time that Lud Gate was, as we should say, on its last legs. When she had been

reigning about twenty years she ordered it to be pulled down with all its wrecks of carvings, and had a magnificent new gate set up and her own statue put in the middle. It was finished in 1586.

By a miracle the carvings on Lud Gate survived the Great Fire. This statue was in the midst of the Great Fire and escaped. The Elizabethan gate stood in a fast-changing London until 1760, when it was finally demolished. The church of St. Dunstan's was rebuilt on its old site about 1833, and the statue of Elizabeth was placed over the school door on the east side.

There is another London statue which needs attention, that of George Washington in front of the National Gallery. It is an admirable statue put in the wrong place. Perhaps the pedestal has sunk at the back. Be that as it may, when we look at the figure with the vertical lines of St. Martin's behind it it seems very unsteady, as if it were going to fall back any moment.

The effect is made worse by an odd piece of pedestal, or whatever it may be, on which Washington puts his hand. It turns a good portrait into the most absurd statue in London, and has the effect of a man with a bundle of sticks about as big as himself. Someone should do something about it; but whose business is it? We do not know. But we do know that it is uncomplimentary to our American cousins to have George Washington looking so ridiculous in Trafalgar Square, especially with the statue of George the Third just ahead of him!

THE FILM THAT COULD NOT BE

A DELIGHTFUL story has been told of the difficulties that attend the making of a film in London.

In connection with a certain production it was necessary for a smart young man to turn into a pavement artist. He did his part very thoroughly, let a beard grow for several days, dressed himself in a choice assortment of ragged garments, took a number of pictures which another smart young man had painted, and went down to the Embankment to be filmed.

With his masterpieces grouped round him, and a hat on the pavement, the film actor really looked his part. People passed by, dropping coppers into the hat. Time passed by, too, and the pavement artist began to grow uncomfortable. There was the camera hidden in a taxi and ready for use. All that was wanted was the Sun.

The actor sat his part out nobly until a kind-hearted lady came along with two dogs on a lead. She fumbled in her bag and dropped twopence into the hat. Then, looking at the man, she stopped to examine the pictures again. She read a tragedy in those terrible daubs and the well-built, strong-looking young

man who squatted by them in his ragged dress. She could not bear it. Something must be done. Again her hand went into her bag. At the same moment the Sun began to work round the edge of a cloud. The pavement artist looked desperately up at the sky. He could not look at the camera, as the woman and the dogs blocked the view.

"Here you are. And you must really try to do better," said she, as she gave the embarrassed young man a florin.

"Please, don't!" said he. "I am not a pavement artist; I am a film artist."

The lady with the dogs thought perhaps his mind was wandering through hunger. She thought he would be warmer now the Sun was out, and she stayed to talk to him a bit. Nothing would induce her to take back her generous gift. The camera-men in the taxi close by ground their teeth. They could see nothing but a lady and two dogs. The pavement artist sat in blank despair. Before the visitor and the dogs had moved on the clouds had moved on too, and it was found to be impossible to take the film.

The rest of the story we do not know: see the films.

THE LION AND THE LAMB LIE DOWN

WE all know how Isaiah saw a reign of peace when the young lion and the fatling would lie down together, but few have thought it possible.

That it is possible, and a plain fact, may be seen any day, and has been seen for five years in the Johannesburg Zoo where one of our travelling correspondents has lately been.

A short distance from the business quarters of the city, and within view of the great white mine dumps that ring it round, you pass the gate of the zoo, turn sharply to the right, and come to a line of cages which are the homes of the noblest-looking and fiercest lions ever captured in South Africa. And there in the first cage, eating together, playing together, and sleeping together, so attached to each other are they, are the splendid lion Samson and the South African wolfhound Delilah. They are together because the zoo authorities have found it impossible to separate them. This is their interesting story. When the lion was a young cub and

the wolfhound a puppy they were put together in the cage for company, for the cub was lonely. After a few months the keeper tried to take Delilah out for a walk, but Samson's roars were so terrible that the dog had to be brought back.

As time went on fears were felt that some morning only a few bones might be all that was left of Delilah, and so attempts were made to break up the friendship for the sake of the weaker partner in it.

But Samson became so ferocious and sent up such heartrending roars when Delilah was taken away that he upset the peace of all the animals in the zoo. Accordingly she was brought back to share again her friend's captivity.

And there they are today the best of friends, and when our correspondent saw them last they were quite peacefully sharing the same bone!

Does it not show that the fiercest of God's creatures has a spark of kindness and affection for the weaker ones if only we can discover it?

MAPS OF AGES PAST

THE BABYLONIAN IDEA

Why Men Must Always Be Making World Charts

LONDON EXHIBITIONS

Dull must he be of soul who has never felt the wonder of a map.

Even the modern atlas can set a man dreaming that he hears palm leaves rustling in the sea breeze on a coral island, or the drums of Africa carrying messages to villages miles distant in the bush.

But, of course, old maps are ever more romantic than new ones, and this summer there are particularly delightful exhibitions of them at the King's Library in the British Museum and at South Kensington Science Museum. These exhibitions are in honour of the International Congress of Geography which has been meeting in London, and the maps will be on view till October.

Made 27 Centuries Ago

There are 300 of them at South Kensington, and perhaps the most wonderful of all is one made by a Babylonian about 2700 years ago. He believed that the world was a round mass of land surrounded by water.

Map-makers in the Middle Ages did not know much more than that Babylonian. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, however, maps became infinitely fascinating. No one can look on those old charts without thinking of the adventurers who risked everything on them, and sometimes conquered the unknown seas, and sometimes perished no one knows where.

Interesting in quite another way are the quaint maps of Eastern Greenland, made on wood by Eskimos.

Nature and the Map-Makers

As we smile at the mistakes of the old charts we must not forget that our own maps are imperfect. The Directors of Survey in the Dominions and Colonies have been meeting in London to discuss the mapping of the Empire. There are still men pitching their tents in deserts or taking instruments up in aeroplanes to discover the exact whereabouts of streams and gullies.

That work will never be done, for Nature objects to being put in her place, and from time to time she spoils our charts by a tide or an earthquake.

So the adventure of map-making will always go on, and a fine adventure it is, with all the risks and hardships of big-game shooting without its cruelty. The trophies the map-maker brings back are not lives lost but knowledge gained.

IN THE WRONG AEROPLANE

An Awkward Mistake

It has sometimes happened that people bidding Good-bye to friends on steamers did not notice the departure signal, and were carried off.

This was more or less what happened recently to a Swiss gentleman at Zurich who had booked a seat for Stuttgart by aeroplane. Arriving at the aerodrome he calmly walked into the first aeroplane, sat down, and began to read. A few minutes after the departure it dawned on him that he had not seen his baggage, and on inquiring he discovered to his horror that he was travelling in the direction of Munich, and had embarked in the wrong aeroplane.

As the machine had only covered a short distance, however, the pilot returned to the starting-station at Zurich and dropped the absent-minded traveller, who this time got into the right plane, where his baggage was awaiting him.

MUCH FOOD FROM LITTLE LABOUR

HUGE FARM RUN BY TWO MEN

Remarkable Results of Wheat Farming in Montana

NEW AGRICULTURAL WAYS

Sometimes it is feared that the number of people in the world will run ahead of the means of feeding them, and this fear seems to be justified in the case of a country like Britain, about half of our food being actually imported from abroad.

It is certain, however, that science has yet much to teach us of food production, and it may well be that in the time to come we shall learn how to produce much more food with much less labour.

Some remarkable results have been achieved in dry-land wheat farming in America in the State of Montana.

In one case it is shown that a farm of 2560 acres can be operated by two men only, with the aid of some additional labour at seeding and harvest times. In a second case a farm of 640 acres is run by one man with some additional help at harvest.

Wonderful Performances

On a third Montana farm, consisting of 1280 acres of wheat land and 130 acres of irrigated land, two men with a three-plough tractor and a ten-horse team have 640 acres under wheat and 130 acres under lucerne, as well as summer-fallowing the remaining 640 acres.

These wonderful performances are made possible by the use of improved machinery and an adequate supply of power. Harvesting is done by a 12-feet harvester drawn by a tractor and cutting about 15 acres of wheat in a day.

The agricultural engineer is coming to play a great part in modern food production. It has been demonstrated at Ohio University that the time necessary to grow and harvest an acre of corn can be reduced to six man-hours. A man with a tractor can plough from eight to 12 acres a day, but with horses two acres would be a big day's work.

The Farm and the Factory

Another important point is that farming is a matter in which one needs to take advantage quickly of favourable soil and weather conditions. The machine, by speeding up work, makes it possible to do things quickly at the very moment they should be done.

So the twentieth century will probably witness changes in agricultural methods which will make the production of food akin to the production of manufactured goods. The farm may come to beat the factory in productiveness, for while in the factory mechanical power has to perform the whole business of production, in agriculture it has merely to be the servant of that wonderful process we call growing. Cultivation consists of providing plants with the best possible conditions of growth and in repressing undesirable growths. When we get mechanical power properly harnessed to the process of natural growth it will become possible for the work of a few men to feed a multitude.

THAT C.N. FEELING

Many of the kindest appreciations that reach the C.N. come from the Overseas Dominions, where the Motherland is dear to so many hearts. We give ourselves the pleasure of quoting this typical example.

We have taken the C.N. for years, and think it is the best of all papers. Since taking it the birds have seemed to us to sing sweeter, the stars to shine more brightly, and the flowers to be lovelier. The C.N. man has an understanding heart and a love of Nature and Old England.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Blackpool has received as many as 1250 motor-coaches in a single day.

Six toy balloons sent up in Lincolnshire arrived in Belgium and Holland.

An old pitboy has bought a colliery in Northumberland.

Three houses built in Fetter Lane after the Great Fire in London in 1666 have just been pulled down.

Nearly £50,000 has been collected for Canterbury Hospital in penny boxes during the last eight years.

People waiting for trains at Chelsfield in Kent gathered wild strawberries on the railway embankment.

Five exhaust fans driven by powerful motors are to be used for ventilating Blackwall Tunnel.

After over half a century as a master at Dulwich College Mr. T. G. Treadgold is retiring this term.

A swallow flying across a cricket pitch at Linton Park, near Maidstone, was hit by a ball from a bowler and killed.

Dulwich College boys have won ten scholarships for Oxford and Cambridge in the past year.

While fishermen of Ascension were trying to land a 14-foot shark five other sharks came and ate it.

Mr. Rockefeller's grandson has joined the League of Nations staff for a month without payment.

The Blind M.P.

At St. Dunstan's annual regatta at Putney Captain Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., won the finals in the single sculls.

Visitors to Britain

Over 140,000 Americans came to Britain last year, over 50,000 French, about 40,000 Germans, and over 30,000 Dutch.

The Balfour Forest

By giving £5000 Mr. Bernhard Baron has added 15,000 trees to the Balfour Forest which is being planted in Palestine.

Hereditary Prize-Winning

The Cheselden Medal for surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital, won by Mr. A. H. Lankaster, was won by both his father and grandfather before him.

Beacon for Night Flyers

The Croydon Aerodrome's new beacon will be fitted with neon tubes giving a bright red light visible at night for 40 miles.

Locust Swarms in South Africa

Swarms of locusts 21 miles in extent appeared at Fraserburg in South Africa and threatened destruction to the crops of wheat and pears.

A Thames Bridge in Danger

Strong opposition has been aroused by the proposal to replace the graceful suspension bridge over the Thames at Marlow by a concrete structure.

A Munificent Giver

Sir Alexander Grant, who started with a biscuit firm in Edinburgh as a poor boy, has just given his second £100,000 to the National Library of Scotland.

War Memorial Built by Convicts

Dartmoor convicts have built a gateway as a war memorial to American prisoners who died in the prison 100 years ago.

The Little Women Cot

Overseas readers of Louisa Alcott's stories have endowed a bed at the London Free Hospital to be called the Little Women Cot.

Good John Myles

A memorial tablet has been erected at Ilston, near Swansea, to John Myles, who founded the first Baptist church in Wales and the Baptist cause in America. He served with Cromwell's Ironsides.

Explorer on a Stamp

A series of postage stamps bearing the portrait of H. M. Stanley has been issued in the Belgian Congo State in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Congo River by the explorer.

TALKING THROUGH THE NOSE

The Mad Way of the Film Man

After the talking film, the movietone in which speech and other sounds accompany the moving-picture, someone has suggested that appropriate smells should go with sights and sounds.

What is an appropriate smell? If there is no disputing about tastes, there is plenty of room for dispute about smells. There are some which are unmistakable in towns. There is, for example, the smell of the motor-traffic. There is the unmistakable odour of fried fish which a foreign visitor to the East End of London used to call the smell of the East.

But the greatest objection to the introduction of smells in the art of the film is that nearly all smells which would be at once recognised are unpleasant ones.

EXCELSIOR!

The Council School Way to Fame

There is a prouder prospect before the children of the Council schools than that which was spread before the soldiers of Napoleon's armies, who were said each to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. All the schoolchildren carry the highest honours of peace in their satchels.

Like Miss D. E. Ling, who was at the Council school at Lewisham, they may win a scholarship at a secondary school, and then another which will take them to Cambridge. That is what she did, and now she is a Bachelor of Music, and has won a travelling research scholarship which will take her to study in Germany for three years.

Or they may be like the son of a coffee-stall keeper who trod the same ascending ladder till he became the Fellow of a Cambridge College; or the Council school boy who is now one of the Empire's royal astronomers.

150 YEARS AGO

A Footnote to History

It was not as a nation that England fought against America 150 years ago.

A brilliant woman writer, Miss Constance Smedley, reminded us of this fact the other day. She was speaking at a dinner of the American Circle of the Lyceum Club at which descendants of the families of three great British statesmen were guests.

It is well known that these three statesmen, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, and Edmund Burke, stoutly upheld the cause of the American Colonists; but it is not so well known that recruiting fell off in all parts of the Kingdom, that the army had to be strengthened by the enlistment of foreigners, and that the citizens of London and Dublin were stirred to enthusiastic admiration when Lord Effingham and other officers resigned their commissions rather than fight against their fellow Englishmen on the other side.

EVERYMAN'S TAXES

The Burden of Nine Countries

These figures have just been given to Parliament, showing the rates of taxation in nine countries. The first column shows the year before the war; the second shows today.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
England ..	3	11	4	15	2	8
France ..	3	7	0	8	5	10
Germany ..	1	10	8	5	6	5
Italy ..	2	2	8	3	8	9
U.S.A. ..	1	7	11	6	1	11
Canada ..	3	8	3	6	19	4
Australia ..	3	8	1	9	1	6
New Zealand ..	6	3	0	14	0	9
South Africa ..	6	15	4	11	17	2

METEOR DISPLAY NEXT WEEK

HOW TO SEE THE PERSEIDS

Why They Are Visible On Approaching the Earth

JUPITER AND MARS NEAR THE MOON

By the C.N. Astronomer

Before daybreak next Wednesday, August 8, the great planet Jupiter may be observed quite close to and above the Moon, being about three times the Moon's apparent width away.

By the next morning the Moon will be between Mars and Jupiter, and early on Friday morning the Moon may be seen a little to the left of Mars, whose rosy tint will be unmistakable.

Jupiter now rises soon after 11 o'clock, so he can usually be seen low in the north-east about midnight. Mars rises nearly an hour later in the same region of the sky.

The Maximum Display

Venus is now in the north-west sky; but as she appears very close to the Sun and sets but half an hour after him there is little chance of seeing her with the naked eye for the present.

The absence of the Moon during the latter part of next week will help observers to see some of the famous Perseid meteors, which about that time should be appearing in the north-east. The maximum display of these so-called shooting stars is expected on the nights of August 11 and 12; it may occur in the early morning or during the daytime, but in any case some are sure to be seen during the night hours.

They should be looked for after 10 o'clock, low in the north-east, where an occasional meteor may be perceived shooting across the sky from a point in the constellation of Perseus.

Terrific Speed of the Earth

At maximum display upward of 60 an hour may be seen, as in the year 1921; last year the maximum reported was 19 an hour, but then bright moonlight and clouds hampered observation.

The later the meteors are looked for the more are likely to be seen. The early morning is actually the best time, when the meteors are met head on, as it were; but by, say, 3 to 4 o'clock they will appear to come from high in the south-east, almost overhead in fact.

As the Earth rushes toward the nucleus of the meteor stream, at the terrific speed of 66,000 miles an hour she is in very much the same case as that of a car rushing furiously at a beating storm of rain—obviously, the front of the car will get much more of the drops than the rear. So as we are on the front of the Earth at 6 o'clock in the morning and at the rear at 6 in the evening we are likely to see more in the morning hours of anything that our world is approaching.

The Process of Combustion

The meteors are also approaching the Earth obliquely, travelling at about 26 miles a second. This, combined with the Earth's motion, brings the speed of mutual approach to upward of 40 miles a second; so there is little room for wonder that the meteor bursts into flame and becomes incandescent as it speeds into the denser layers of the Earth's atmosphere.

The meteors are usually between 70 and 30 miles away while this process of combustion takes place; then most of them vanish in vapour and meteoric dust. If a shot could be fired at the speed of but 6 to 7 miles a second it would become white hot, and bullets would then be seen like meteors shooting across the sky. But were it possible to shoot them at this speed they would fly away into space, perhaps never to return, except possibly as an occasional aerolite long ages hence.

G. F. M.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE HILLS

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 10

The Mysterious Monster

At sound of the shots Bart pulled up short, but Forty walked quietly on. "Dey no shooting at us, Baas. Mebbe dey fighting dem lions."

"There's something up, anyhow," said Bart uneasily, as he thrust cartridges into the breech of his rifle. "Where are they all? There's not a soul in sight."

The street was deserted, and it was quite clear that something odd was afoot, for, as a rule, every soul in the place would have been down at the water's edge to stare at newcomers, more especially at a white man.

Bart stopped again.

"Here's Roger!" he said sharply, and as he spoke Roger Norcross, gun in hand, with Sam behind him, came into the street, followed by a crowd of natives carrying spears.

"It's all rot," Roger was saying angrily. "Nothing but a false alarm. Tell 'em, Sam; and tell 'em I'm going back to bed."

And then he saw Bart, and he, too, stopped short and stared—glared would be a better word.

"W-what are you doing here?" he stammered. Then he grew angry. "If you think I'm coming back with you you're all wrong."

"I don't think," said Bart calmly. "I know. We're going up river again in the morning."

Roger's dark eyes flashed, and he strode up to Bart in threatening fashion. Bart stood quite still.

"Roger," he said quietly, "if you start a row here these natives will join in, and the chances are we shall both be scuppered. Let's go into your hut and talk it over."

Roger hesitated, but something in Bart's manner made it plain that he was speaking the truth.

"All right," he said with a scowl.

"You'll have to wait a few minutes," said Bart, "until I have made my salaams to the Chief. It's considered the worst of bad manners in these parts to speak to anyone in a village until you have greeted the Chief, and asked his permission to remain."

"Lumbwa, him lib in dis house," said Forty in Bart's ear. Then, in a lower tone, "It's all right, Baas. I watch dem white boy."

Bart went straight into the large hut which Forty had pointed out. It was built like an enormous beehive, and in the middle was a small, clear fire which gave light enough for Bart to see a stout black man squatting on a skin kaross on the other side. Behind him crouched a couple of women.

"I see you, Chief," said Bart, using the ordinary greeting; and then it occurred to him that probably Lumbwa did not know a word of English. To his great relief the fat man understood.

"How do you do?" he answered politely, and signed to Bart to sit down. "You come find other white boy."

"Yes," said Bart. "He got lost, so I came to take him back to camp."

"I mighty glad you come," said Lumbwa in surprisingly easy English. "Now you help me kill this thing what eating all my people's cattle."

"A lion?" asked Bart politely.

"It no lion. My people no afraid of lions. This thing worse than all lions in the bush." He lowered his voice and looked round cautiously. "This be chimiset."

He shook like a great jelly, and Bart saw the two women shiver at the dreaded word. It was one that he himself had not heard, yet

he knew that he must not betray his ignorance.

"That is bad," he said gravely. "But surely you are safe enough, for I see you have a fine thorn hedge all around the kraal."

"Chimiset, he no care for hedge," replied Lumbwa quickly. "He come through easy as you come through door. He come through wall of hut. He come through anything. I show you."

He struggled to his feet, and, ordering a man on guard outside to bring a torch, led the way toward the zareba surrounding the village.

It was the finest thing of its kind that Bart had ever seen, six feet high and more than that thick. A palisade of poles held it in position, and the thorns were packed in such fashion that it did not look as if any living thing could penetrate it. Certainly no lion would tackle such a barrier.

Yet at the bottom of it was a hole, a regular tunnel burrowed right through the mass of thorns, and the red torch light showed marks of enormous claws which Bart saw were far bigger than anything a lion could have owned.

"He come through two nights ago and take a girl," Lumbwa said. "He take her right away. We never see her again."

Bart began to realise that he was up against something very much out of the common. He had heard from his father tales of strange and unknown animals in the African wilds—of the ngoloko, the man ape of the Isansu Hills, of the munda, the huge grey cat, big as a tiger, that haunts the forests of Portuguese East Africa, and the irizima, the mystery beast of the Congo swamps. And he himself had seen enough of Africa to know that some of these monsters might really exist, for, after all, the okapi and the bongo and the pigmy elephant had only recently been discovered.

"He must be very big," he ventured.

"He bigger than a lion and his mouth be red like coals of fire," said Lumbwa impressively. "He a devil and fear nothing. White boy, kill him with your rifle and all Lumbwa has is yours."

Bart, of course, was anxious to get away as soon as possible, but it came to him that the friendship of this chief might be very useful in the big adventure that was before him.

"I will try, Chief," he answered; "but first I must sleep, for since morning I have paddled for twelve hours and my eyes fail for weariness. Tell me, at what time does the monster come?"

"In the dark hour before dawn. Nine times he come and four oxen he took and three of my people."

"Then rouse me two hours before dawn, Chief. Meantime, give me food and a place to rest."

"It is done," said Lumbwa; and done it very soon was.

Bart was led to an empty hut where the best the village could provide was set before him and a bed made for him of boughs and skins. Bart ate fish that was quite good, refused stew which he felt sure was made of monkey, and ended up with some capital bananas.

Just then Forty came in. "Him white boy, him sleep," he remarked.

"And a good job too," said Bart. "Keep an eye on him, Forty; and dropping on the bed was asleep in a minute."

CHAPTER 11

The Hour Before Dawn

BART woke to a noise like nothing on earth. Shrieks and yells, beating of drums.

Forty came bounding in. "Him come, Baas."

"I knew it would," said Bart crossly, as he jumped up and pulled on his boots. "What is it?"

"I tink him all same nandi bear," Bart whistled. "I've heard of that all right," he said softly, as he picked up his rifle. "Where's Roger, Forty?"

"I tink him asleep," said Forty, as he followed.

The Moon was high in the sky, and its white light shone on the bare clay of the one wide street and the little beehive-shaped huts on either side. It shone on the black, shiny skins of men running toward the landward side of the thorn fence, and showed Bart the portly figure of Lumbwa who, armed with an ancient matchlock, marched heavily after them.

"Good stuff!" said Bart to himself. "The old lad's got pluck." He ran after him. "Is it the chimiset, Chief?" he asked.

"It be chimiset," panted Lumbwa. "We kill him this time."

At the upper end of the village all was excitement. The men were jabbering and shouting, but Lumbwa held of one and questioned him.

"He come other way this time," he explained to Bart. "He try get into hut, but this man see him and throw fire at him, and he go out again. I show you."

Sure enough, the beast, whatever it was, had driven another hole clean through the huge thorn zareba and gone straight up to one of the huts. Bart saw where it had started to break through the thick, sun-hardened clay with which the wall was daubed. The man who had seen it and thrown the torch was ashy with fright. But the fire, which seemed to be the only thing the chimiset feared, had driven it off.

Bart pulled himself together and told Lumbwa to gather his men and order them to follow. They were to bring torches and drums. All were very badly frightened, but they obeyed their chief's orders. Bart, with Forty on one side, Lumbwa on the other, led the way. Bart had his repeating rifle, Forty carried a gun. The gateway, blocked at night with thorns, was opened, and they went out into the bush.

Outside they came upon the tracks of the monster. The huge footprints were nearly four times the size of those made by a lion, and showed the marks of three great clawed toes. Bart had never dreamed of such a terrifying spoor and even Forty was not happy.

"I tink him debbil beast, Baas," he said in a low voice, and Bart felt inclined to agree.

There was not much underbrush near the village, and in the sandy soil the tracks were plain as print. They led south toward a low kopje, or mound, standing above the river and about a mile from the village. The kopje was covered with thick bush into which the tracks passed and disappeared.



HOURS OF JOY FOR EVERY SCHOOLGIRL

The ideal paper for all school-girls is the **SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN**. Every week it contains a long complete story of the jolly chums of Morcove School—Betty Barton & Co. There are lots of other stories, too—of home life and adventure and all the things you like the best. Be sure to ask for

SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN

Now on Sale 2^d. Buy a Copy TODAY

Bart had once seen a hunter go into palm scrub after a wounded lion, but he himself had no idea of going into the place after the chimiset. The scrub was thick as a hedge, and it was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. He pulled up.

Suddenly a mongrel dog belonging to Lumbwa darted forward and ran into the scrub. A moment later came the most appalling cry that Bart had ever heard. It was not a roar, but a howl. Bart had heard a rogue elephant trumpet, and that was pretty bad, but it was music compared with this noise which echoed in horrifying fashion through the moonlit bush. Immediately afterwards came one sharp yell, then a thudding crash as some monstrous form forced its way through the undergrowth.

The men fell back, and it looked as if they were all going to bolt; but old Lumbwa shouted at them and they stood.

"I tink dis one debbil place," growled Forty. "What we do now?"

Cold chills were coursing down Bart's spine. He heartily agreed with Forty, and felt just as much like running away as any of the natives.

"There's only one thing to do," he said firmly. "We must fire the bush and shoot the thing as it comes out."

"Suppose him come out wrong side," suggested Forty, and Bart at once saw the sense of the suggestion. He and Forty were the only ones who had guns, for you could hardly count Lumbwa's ancient matchlock.

Lumbwa spoke up. "Wind, he blow to river, he come out that side."

There was not much wind, but, as Lumbwa said, it was blowing toward the river, so Bart and Forty went round the little hill to the far side. Here Bart found a narrow, open space between the thick bush and a low bluff some ten feet high which dropped sheer into the dark, still water.

"We're bound to see him if he comes out here," Bart said. "Give them a shout, Forty."

Forty shouted; a moment later there came the crackling sound of fire among green leaves. Snaps like pistol-shots followed by leaping tongues of flame. Then drums were beaten furiously and there was a chorus of shouts and yells.

"That ought to do the trick," said Bart, and Forty nodded.

There was a grim expression on the face of the big Negro, and Bart wondered if the man was as scared as he was himself. That howl had shaken him up badly—that and the gigantic size of the spoor of the mysterious beast.

The flames rose higher and great clouds of smoke, reddened with the fire beneath, rose above the blunt head of the kopje. The drums thundered and the natives yelled hoarsely. The din was terrific.

"Him come," said Forty suddenly, and pointed.

Less than fifty yards away the thick brush parted, and out of it the monster pushed its way.

In the crimson glow it loomed gigantic, and its appearance was so terrible that for a moment Bart was utterly unable to move.

The chimiset stood little higher than a lion, but its length and bulk were horrifying. Its shape was anything but lion-like, more resembling that of a monstrous hyaena, and it was covered all over with coarse hair of a dirty ash colour. Its head was huge, with jaws which looked capable of snapping a man's body in two; its eyes shone red as burning coals.

For a few seconds it stood quite still, swinging its great head from side to side, then it saw Bart and with a blood-curdling snarl turned and came straight at him.

"Shoot, Baas! Shoot!" cried Forty, and Bart, flinging his rifle to his shoulder, fired twice in rapid succession.

Both bullets struck the chimiset. He heard them thud home. But for all the effect they had they might have been pellets from a pop-gun. The monster came on.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Master of Ridicule

PEOPLE who make other people ridiculous by showing how silly they are are never popular. Those who look on may laugh, but not so easily the people who are laughed at.

Lord Macaulay wrote of a man who lived when he lived that he was "the greatest master of ridicule since Swift." But Dean Swift, though he was a dean, ridiculed people bitterly. The man Macaulay mentioned was also a preacher, a canon. Unlike Swift, he ridiculed the faults of men rather jollily. Still it kept him back in the world. If he had not had an ironic pen which some people feared he would almost certainly have been made a bishop, for he was a clever, broad-minded man, a good parson, and fine preacher. However, as he could not help doing good by ridicule he was not made a bishop, though since then even an archbishop has been known to use ridicule freely.

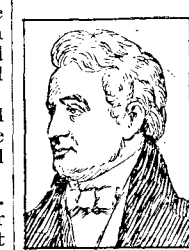
This Master of Ridicule came of a clever family. His father was like him, but odd, and his brothers were all clever. He and one brother were so clever that the other scholars at Winchester went on strike because they had no chance of getting the best prizes.

This cleverest of the brothers wanted to be a lawyer (and he would have shone as a lawyer) but his father insisted on his being a clergyman. As a curate he captivated the squire of the village and became tutor to his sons. With them he went to Edinburgh for five years, and while there helped to start the famous Edinburgh Review. For it he wrote for many years, and in it many of his most useful ironic articles were published.

In Edinburgh he was popular as a preacher; and afterwards as a clergyman in Yorkshire and in Somersetshire he was beloved. All the while he was writing. When he was made a Canon of St. Paul's he continued to be popular as a preacher, but did not write so much. His talk was as clever as his writing, and brimmed over with humour, sharp but jolly.

The usefulness of his ridicule was because he was a broad-minded, tolerant man, and hated narrow-minded bigotry. He pretended to have a brother Abraham, living in the country, and to him he wrote letters showing how wrong narrow-mindedness is. He called himself Peter Plymley, and Peter's printed letters were much read.

His letters and other writings were full of sound, good sense and



humour, teaching men to look tolerantly on their fellows; and to this day they make excellent reading. But he made too much fun of too many people to get high promotion. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

O Give Me Life and Joy and Love, a Skylark Singing Up Above

THE BRAN TUB

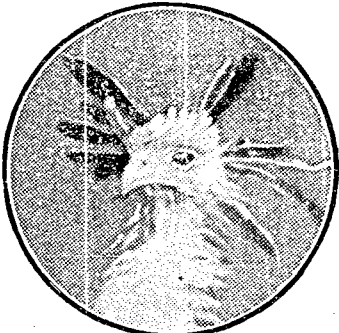
Hidden Seaside Towns
HERE are the names of eight seaside towns, but the letters have been badly jumbled up.

NERAMTUUBOH HTUOMRAB
THORRING BLACMORFIE
BROACHUGSOR YOUQART
PALLKOBG NUTSHOTNAN

Can you rearrange the letters so that the names can be read?

Answers next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Secretary Bird

The Secretary Bird gets its name from the crest of feathers which look something like quill pens placed behind the ears. It is allied to the vultures, but it is quite unlike them in appearance, for it has long legs and is over four feet high. Its plumage is grey, white, and black. Although it can fly well it spends most of its time on the ground. Its home is in South and East Africa, and it lives on lizards, snakes, and insects.

Ici On Parle Français



La faucille Le capuchon La mâchoire
On coupait le blé avec la faucille.
Elle porte un capuchon sur la tête.
La mâchoire sert à broyer l'aliment.

Beheaded Word

WHEN whole—three Beauties come in sight;
Behead me and I'm countless quite;
Lop off a letter—now please mind us,
In every pack of cards you'll find us.

Answer next week

How to Cook a Joint in Camp

IT is not at all difficult to cook a joint in the open air. All you have to do is to dig a hole in the ground about 18 inches or two feet deep, place your joint on a tin or dish, and stand it in the hole. Then place a sheet of corrugated iron over the top and light a fire on it. The heat passes through the iron and cooks the joint perfectly. The hole has, in fact, become an oven. To see how the meat is getting on push the iron sheet with the fire on it aside, and, if necessary, turn the joint over.

Changling

S	O	L	D
P	A	I	D

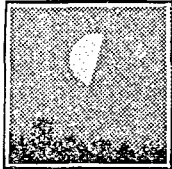


Change the word Sold into Paid with five intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars may be seen in the South-East, and in the evening Saturn is in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the East soon after midnight. The picture shows the Moon as it will appear looking South at 8 a.m. on August 8.



Playtime Problem

How Much Did the Cans Contain?

A DAIRYMAN had two cans containing between them 12 gallons of milk. He wished to have 6 gallons in each can, and managed it in this way. From the first can he poured into the second as much as the second already contained. Then from the second can he poured back into the first as much as the first then contained.

How much did each can contain at first?

Answer next week

Do You Live at Gainsborough?

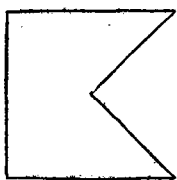
IT is not quite certain what is the origin of this name, but the authorities seem to think that it means the town or castle of Gain, that is, of Help and Advantage. Probably at some time or other in early days a castle or fortification where the town now stands proved of great use in protecting the local inhabitants against invaders or raiders, and the fact gave rise to the name of the town which grew up there later.

Do You Know Me?

MY first is in sour and also in sweet,
My second's in soup but not in meat,
My third is in singing and also in song,
My fourth is in shorter but not in long,
My fifth is in Heaven and also in Earth,
My sixth is in priceless but not in worth,
My seventh's in autumn and also in spring,
My last is in belfry but not in ring.
I'm seen in the daytime but never at night,
Wherever I am I make everything bright.

Answer next week

A Cardboard Puzzle



TAKE a postcard, or other piece of card, and from it cut a figure similar to this, which is three-quarters of a perfect square. Now

divide up the figure so that you have eight sections all equal in size and shape.

Answer next week

A Charade

MY first off enlivens the darkness of night,
And o'er rich and poor it diffuses its light;
My next is of youth the corrector and sport,
Of office the sign and of age the support;
United for centuries has it been sold,
Tis formed of all metals, but seldom of gold;
Of glass and of china sometimes it is found,
And also of wood, if you search the world round.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE note of the coal-tit is last heard. The last swifts are seen flying south. The songs of the linnet and yellow-hammer cease. The ring-dove lays a second time. The silver-spotted skipper butterfly appears. The hornet-fly is seen. The carline thistle, purple melic grass, red goose-foot, and soapwort are in flower.

A Word Diamond

THE following clues indicate five words or letters which will make a diamond of words.

At the end of a tunnel. A fruit. A vessel. A precious stone. The heart of America.

Answer next week

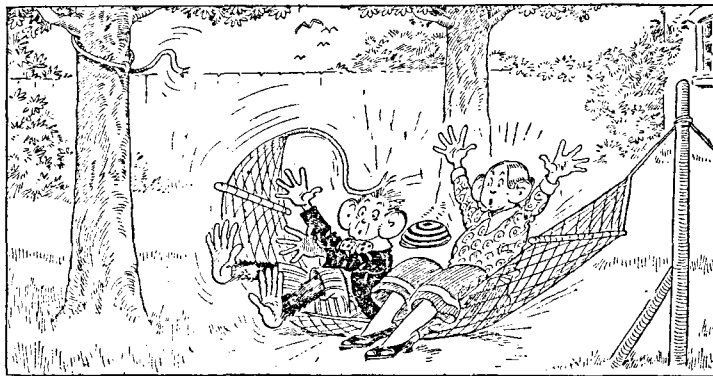
Jacko Escapes a Lecture

JACKO wasn't at all pleased when he heard that Uncle Podger was coming to stay. He said rudely that he hoped it wasn't going to be for long.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Jacko. "I'm sure Uncle Podger is always very good to you."

Jacko thought otherwise. There were many reasons why he disliked Uncle Podger; one was because Uncle Podger would spend a lot of time in the hammock. It was Jacko's favourite spot and he could never get near it when Uncle Podger was staying in the house.

Sure enough, as soon as Uncle Podger arrived he stepped out into the garden and rubbed his hands together gleefully.



Down they went with a terrific bump

"How delightful it all is!" he said to Mrs. Jacko. "And I see you still have the hammock. Splendid! I shall renew my acquaintance with that later!"

And he certainly did. Morning, noon, and night Uncle Podger could be found in the hammock; nobody else got a chance.

"I've had enough of this," Jacko told Chimp one day. "Uncle Podger is a perfect pest."

"Well, put him off the hammock," said Chimp. "I know I could," he added darkly.

"What do you mean?" Jacko asked eagerly.

"Well, give him a bit of a bump," said Chimp. "If that hammock lets him down once he'll never go near it again."

Jacko told Chimp that he had brains. "I don't know why I haven't thought of it myself," he added. "It's simple enough."

"Well, be careful," Chimp warned him. "Just cut the rope halfway through, and your uncle will do the rest."

Jacko was down very early the next morning, and he anxiously waited for Uncle Podger to climb into the hammock. But for once in a way Uncle Podger didn't go into the garden. He had letters to write, so he said, and he disappeared into Mr. Jacko's study.

"Perhaps he'll come out later," said Jacko, feeling rather disappointed. Suddenly he saw rich Aunt Matilda appearing across the garden.

"I want a word with you, my dear," she said. "Now where shall we sit? It's very pleasant out here."

"I'll fetch a chair in half a jiffy," said Jacko, making off.

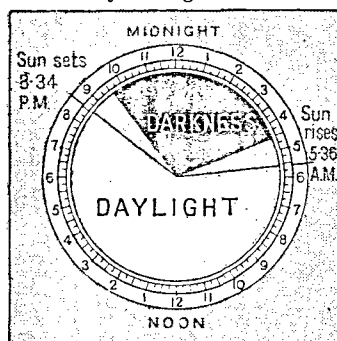
But Aunt Matilda called him back and took his arm.

"We will sit here," she said, leading him toward the hammock. "I'm sure it will hold the two of us." She thought Jacko was trying to give her the slip, and she held on to him firmly.

Down they sat on the hammock side by side.

"I hear you are at the bottom of your form again," began the old lady reprovingly. But for once Jacko escaped a lecture. Suddenly there was a horrible rending noise, and down they went with a terrific bump!

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
London	6151..6257..3559..3294	
Liverpool	4482..4510..758..751	
Birmingham	1441..1500..761..660	
Manchester	1042..1035..699..650	
Dublin	896..880..409..401	
Leeds	648..639..422..407	
Edinburgh	593..622..406..425	
Sunderland	415..290..229..160	
Plymouth	279..307..174..158	
Southampton	214..230..127..121	
Rhondda	209..206..115..187	
Chesterfield	133..117..48..52	

The four weeks are up to June 23, 1928.

Dr. MERRYMAN

A Double Loss

JIMMY was in despair, having lost his handkerchief.

"It is not a very grave loss," they told him.

"Oh, it isn't for the handkerchief!" sighed Jimmy. "It is because I had made a knot in it to remind me about something!"

A Careless Calculation

A ZEBRA who found figures a bore once counted his stripes to a score.

Said he, "That means twenty, Which surely is plenty, Though there may be just one or two more!"

Wrong Number

"This steak is very tough," said Mr. Brown. "Where did you get it from?"

"I telephoned to the butcher for it this morning," replied his wife.

"That explains it. The Exchange must have put you through to the bootmaker."

Quite Unnecessary

LITTLE Lucy went out accompanied by the parlourmaid to visit a friend of her mother. It was a new servant who opened the door.

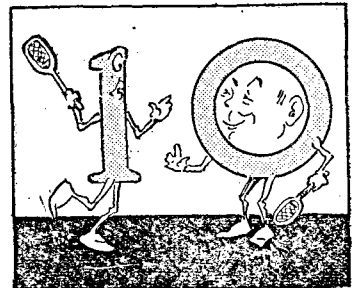
"Madam is not at home," she said.

"Perhaps you will leave your name."

"Why should I?" replied Lucy.

"Mrs. Smith knows me very well."

The Sport They Chose



WHEN One met Nought he cried "Hooray!"

Let's find a lawn where we can play A game or two, just you and I.

"Of ten-nis? Right!" was Nought's reply.

The Direct Route

RASTUS and Pete had set up in business together as window-cleaners. They were to clean some upstairs windows, and Rastus had a brain-wave.

"We'll put dis board frouh de window," he said, "and yo' can sit on it outside while I sit on it inside."

They did so and were working splendidly when suddenly Pete, from outside, called that he had dropped his leather.

"Dat's all right, Pete," said Rastus. "I'll fetch him for yo'."

On arrival downstairs, Rastus was amazed to see Pete scrambling out from some bushes.

"If dat ain't strange, yo' gettin' here fust! How did yo' come?"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

CABLE	EBONY
AILERON	E
UP	DENIZENS
GAS	VIE
EDITED	THEY
ELAN	SEED
CLOCK	STEELY
AL	BOOLE
PALPABLE	SL
CONSENT	L
ROBES	NEEDS

Riding and Walking
Riding, he does a mile in 6 minutes. Walking, he takes 20 minutes. Therefore by walking one mile he would arrive 14 minutes late, so the 21 minutes was due to walking 1½ miles.

A Puzzle Proverb

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

What Am I? Umbrella.

What Game Is This? Cricket.

A Curtailed Word. Note, not.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

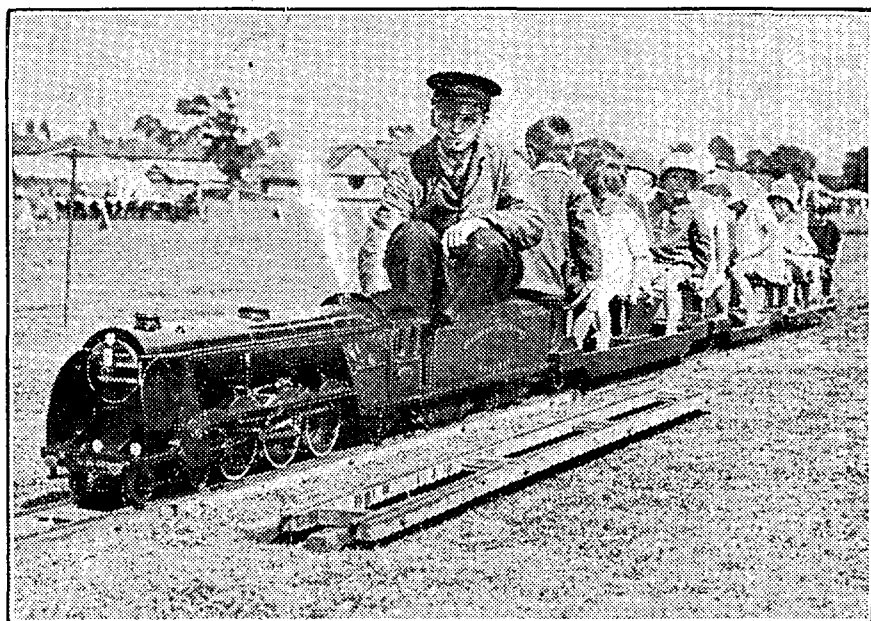
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 4, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

RIDING TWO HORSES • A GOOD CATCH • A CARAVAN HOLIDAY



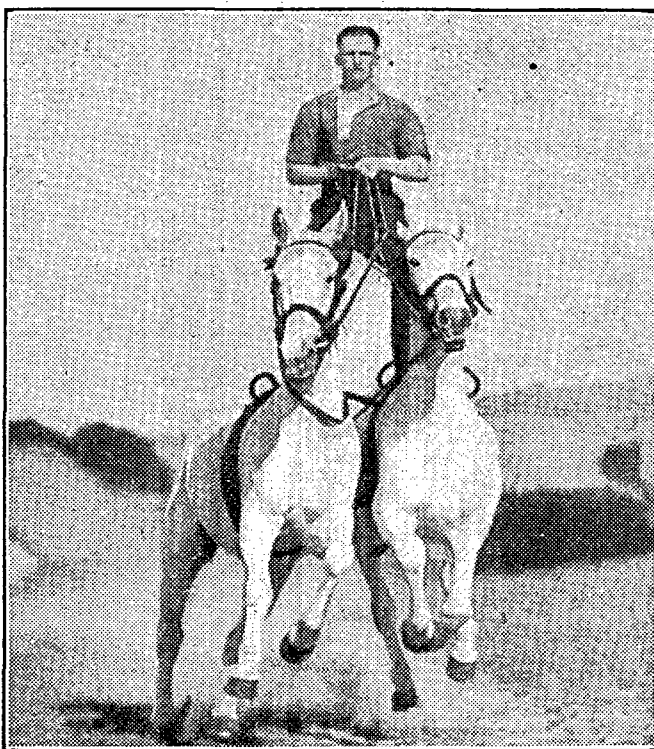
Miniature Railway—When the employees of the Southern Railway held their sports meeting at Raynes Park one of the most popular events with the children was a ride on this miniature train which was drawn by a perfect little model of the famous King Arthur class of locomotive.



The March Past—The slow-step march as used by the Guards regiments on ceremonial occasions is always most impressive. It was used by these Girl Guides at a Bedfordshire rally when, with massed colours, they marched past the saluting-base where Princess Mary took the salute.



A Lilliput Coach—Like a scene from the Land of the Lilliputians is this tiny coach-and-four with its load of little passengers seen at Ranelagh the other day.



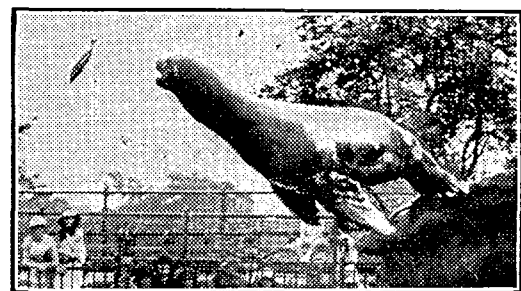
Riding Two Horses—This is not a picture from the Wild West. It was taken in England and shows a soldier of the Lancers rehearsing for the Southern Command Tattoo at Tidworth, in Hampshire.



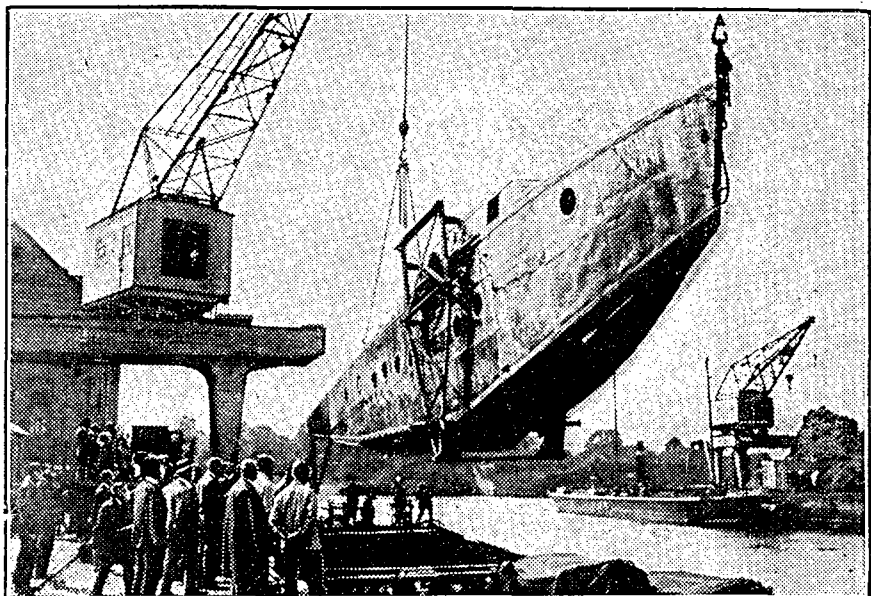
A Champion Bull—This handsome bull, Stow Manners, was much admired by visitors to the Royal Agricultural Show at Nottingham. It was the champion in its class.



The Church Parade—These quaint costumes were worn at a church service for the Society of Carpenters at Godalming, where the Society maintains almshouses.



A Good Catch—Feeding-time at the Zoo is eagerly looked forward to by animals and visitors alike. The sea-lion seldom fails to catch the fishes thrown to it.



The Flying-Boat Goes Aboard—What is claimed to be the biggest flying-boat in the world, the Rohrbach Romar, is here seen being hoisted aboard a steamship at Hamburg. The boat, which is shown without its wings, is said to have a cruising radius of 3000 miles.



A Caravan Holiday—Caravan holidays are becoming more and more common with the increasing popularity of the motor-car. These ladies are using a new type of trailer caravan with a collapsible top which can be removed and packed flat when travelling.

THE ENGLAND UNDER OUR FEET—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R